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NO. 36

**A WEEKLY JOURNAL  
REFLECTING  
THE INTERESTS  
OF THINKING PEOPLE**

**WILLIAM MARION REEDY  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR**

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## A BEAUTIFUL WORLD'S FAIR.

THE ONLY SORT THAT WILL GO.

THE World's Fair amendments to Constitution and Charter will be approved by the citizens. The \$5,000,000 popular subscription is assured. St. Louis will have a World's Fair, but it is time to begin thinking what sort of an exposition it shall be.

There has been some talk of arranging for a Fair that shall not presume to compete in aesthetic quality with other expositions, as, for instance, the Chicago World's Fair. It has been suggested in some quarters that the affair be made a special presentation of agriculture, commerce and manufactures. This would be to make the event nothing more than a county fair on a large scale.

Such a plan will never do. St. Louis must not deliberately confess its dullness by turning away from an effort for beauty and by limiting the scope of its affair so as to exclude even an attempt at originality. The World's Fair must be beautiful or it will be nothing. It cannot be great or have great influence if it be not beautiful. It will be flat, dull, stale and unprofitable, in any exalted sense, if it is to be nothing but a city of temporary factories interspersed with displays of prize pumpkins, ponderous porkers and incubating machines. This idea of a commercial, a materialistic, a utilitarian Fair must be abandoned or the whole project should be thrown up in disgust. The idea is born of that local moral malaria which affects St. Louis with a lassitudinosity that says there's no use in St. Louis trying to do anything like Chicago or Paris. It is an idea growing out of a sickly conservatism which says: Let us not try anything for we may fail. The obvious answer to this expression of what may be called the measley spirit is, that if we never try any thing we certainly shall never do anything.

There are too many people in St. Louis,—some of them identified with the World's Fair movement—who are wandering about and complaining that we have no place to locate the Fair for splendid effects, that there is no chance of doing anything after Chicago's example, that the old town hasn't got the sort of spirit that makes for such effort as resulted in the White City. Of course all that is true—if the people who are so maundering represent St. Louis. Of course, the World's Fair will be a failure if people start out with the conviction that it is sure to be a failure. As the heart is so will the work be. But those prophets of evil and disaster surely do not represent St. Louis. They do not know that the way to realize a great conception is to devote themselves to it in great enthusiasm, with great faith, with high hope. Those who would hold a commonplace Fair for fear of attempting anything splendid should be drummed out of town. Their counsel is a counsel of cowardice.

Naturally nothing good can spring from lethargy and apathy. Something must be done to arouse popular interest in the Fair, for it is only out of popular interest that strong and beautiful and effective ideas can come. Thus far there has been no great interest in St. Louis concerning the projected Fair. The newspapers of the city have not made any room in their columns for speculation or suggestion concerning the Fair. There is not, up to date, any place in which the man with an idea for the Fair can get a hearing. There has not been printed about the Fair enough to inspire anyone with a design or a unique suggestion. There has been nothing done to awaken and warm popular imagination concerning the project. St. Louis newspapers have printed the bald news of the work of the Fair committees—nothing more. When the Chicago Exposition was in the embryotic stage that ours is now, the Chicago papers had the people of the country "all worked up" over the glories to come. One would have thought that the highest geniuses

of the country had already designed the Fair. The Chicago papers kept up a continuous pricking of public curiosity, a persistent stimulation of the popular imagination. Daily, for more than three years, the people of Chicago and the rest of the country were told how great the Exposition would be, how beautiful it would be, how strange it would be. The result was that every man in the country who had any originality had his attention turned to Chicago and its enterprise, and the city itself was worked up to a pitch of excitement and a determination to do something which resulted in that something being splendidly and nobly done. The beauty and magnificence of the Chicago Fair were not the result of fortuitous accident. They were the consequence of an aroused public interest. They sprang from the aroused civic pride of the city. They could not have come into being if any leaders of public opinion in that city had been proclaiming that it would have been best to make the Fair merely a showing of material prosperity.

In this city the newspapers have done nothing to fire the people with that quality of fervor which strikes out great thoughts and great expressions thereof in work of the hands. In this city there has been no systematic attempt made to awaken public interest, curiosity or fervor concerning the Fair. The subject has been treated with just about as much force and fire in the great daily prints as they might give to a proposed display of Belgian hares. The perfunctoriness of the manner in which the local papers have treated the Fair has been responsible, not only for the failure to develop ideas for the enterprise, but for the lack of interest in the effort to raise the money from the public. No one would dream for a moment, after the perusal of the newspapers of St. Louis any time during the past year, that it was in contemplation to hold here, in 1903, the greatest World's Fair the world has ever seen. The matter has been treated in a disgustingly provincial and parochial spirit, and it cannot be truly said that there has not been a similar provincial and parochial spirit in the work of the committee, or in the absence of any work by the committee, calculated to keep the country interested in the project. There should have been established long ago a bureau of publicity and promotion. The papers of the country should long ago have been supplied with information in interesting articles concerning the St. Louis Fair. But no! The projectors were not taking chances. They were not sure that they were going to have a Fair. They didn't know whether they were in earnest or were only making a bluff. Congress called their bluff and they were dazed until about two weeks ago. For a long time many of the projectors looked sorry that the \$5,000,000 had come from Congress so easy. It hadn't come easy at all, as those who did the work could well testify. All the time there was in the attitude of too many associated with the project, an implied doubt that they really wanted what they were talking for, when the proper course to have pursued would have been to go ahead and take it for granted that the Fair would not only be held, but that it would be a World's Fair and not a puny local affair. The press bureau should have been at work long ago. The newspapers all over the country should have been brought into service to bring to the attention of the intelligent public that St. Louis was going to do something big, something in accordance with the city's size and its wealth and culture.

And now on top of all this age of apathy comes the suggestion that no attempt be made to do anything like Chicago did. What folly! What is the use of using up \$15,000,000 on a Fair that shall only be a commercial enterprise? We must get \$15,000,000 worth of good out of the Fair, but the greatest good that can possibly come out of the Fair will not be its financial return. The Fair,



though it pay 100 per cent dividend, will be a failure if it does not show that St. Louis, the chief city of the Louisiana Purchase, is a community of noble aspiration for beauty. The Fair must stand for the soul of St. Louis as the White City stood for the hidden dream lurking beneath all the rush and grasp and grind and sordidness of Chicago. The soul of St. Louis cannot be found or awakened by such flaccid, flabby methods of appeal to the people as have been pursued in the past. The people cannot be aroused by treating the Fair in the same literary manner that applies so well to the news in the real estate column. St. Louis cannot be aroused to interest in the Fair by the men who say that it would be unwise to make any effort for such effects as were contrived at Chicago.

It is time to begin to consider the St. Louis World's Fair in quite a different way from that in which we have been considering it. It is time to take it for granted that only the finest possible kind of a World's Fair is the kind of a World's Fair we want and must have. Now that there is a certainty that most of the interests that have been holding back in the matter of World's Fair subscriptions and work are coming into harmony with the movement, it should be made plain that the World's Fair is to be something to call out all the best administrative ability, all the best individual efforts, all the best quality of ideality, all the love of aesthetics in the community. The man who rises up anywhere and says that the Fair should be anything but the very best that can be put forth as representing every fine, high, inspiring thing in the community must be sat down upon and sat down upon hard.

With \$15,000,000, the World's Fair should compete with, and surpass all preceding Fairs. The St. Louis World's Fair has the advantage of the costly experience of Chicago and Paris. It can be produced at the topmost stroke of excellence for much less money than was expended on any Fair before. There has been enough blazing of the way in the matter of design and structure in Expositions to enable the men who are to arrange our World's Fair to devise something entirely, beautifully original. The mistakes of other Expositions are of record. They may be avoided. What has been ineffective in other fairs is known. It can be abandoned. By processes of exclusion the World's Fair we are to hold may be made the *creme de la creme* of such enterprises. By the very nature of the case the St. Louis World's Fair will have more opportunity than its predecessors to "cut out" all the grossly commercial and strictly catch penny features, and devote itself to higher things. The uselessness of much of the effort and expenditure in other fairs has been made evident, and the management of the St. Louis World's Fair, therefore, will have more time to devote to the presentation of the highest utility, and the formulation in material work of conceptions of beauty. Meanwhile the first duty of every St. Louisan who loves his town is to see that the Constitutional and Charter amendments are approved by a splendid majority in city and State. By working for such approval there may be aroused the fervor which will lift out of the mass of people men with ideas for the Fair that shall be realized in the finest manner. By trying to conceive of the Fair as the opportunity for St. Louis to show itself to the world as a center of wealth and refinement, we shall all contribute to the generation of a spirit that will make it what we wish it should be. Everybody in St. Louis should set to work to get his neighbors into a frame of mind that will combine into a general enthusiasm which will support the workers in every effort to make the Fair very much more than a large edition of the local Exposition.

A beautiful Exposition is needed to wipe out the reputation St. Louis has of being "slow" and "backward" and "stodgy." A beautiful Exposition is needed to wipe out the disgrace of the woman-stripping episodes in the street-car strike. A beautiful Exposition will speak more eloquently for St. Louis, will keep St. Louis more permanently in memory than any display, however great, of the merely mechanical, commercial, agricultural evidences of American prosperity and progress. The Exposition is now a certainty. It only remains to make it a beautiful certainty.

W. M. R.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE WING.

**G** ADDING about New York and its various environs and talking with all sorts of people, the impression grows stronger that the people of the East are not as well balanced as they might be, on politics. Bryan is a veritable raw-head and bloody-bones. You would think that no one supported him but ruffians, anarchists and the disreputables generally. The writer of this is what is called a gold Democrat, but he confesses that, after hearing a New Yorker of the swell or financial set talk about Bryan, or after reading the diabolically brilliant editorials of the New York *Sun*, he feels like posting home to vote for the Orator of the Platte. It is amusing to hear the fellows one will meet down around Wall Street bolstering up the courage of one another with assurances from the West that "everything is all right." One would think that if Mr. Bryan were to be elected most of these fellows would pack up their gold and make for Europe at once. They tell of millions now tied up that will be turned loose in the event of Mr. Bryan's defeat. They are perfectly sure that Bryan's election would mean a looting of the banks. They talk like men bereft of reason. They are bereft of reason on this one point. And their panic is just the thing that may induce many people who view the great accumulations of wealth in Gotham to vote for Mr. Bryan in the hope that his election may put an end to the arrogance of the multi-millionaires. There can be no doubt that in New York City, at least, there is a tremendous showing of earnest support for the ticket by the Tammany crowd. The determination of Tammany to stand by the nominees has given the plutocracy a fright. This fright is going to grow, too. There is every indication that the turn out to honor Bryan on the occasion of his visit to New York is going to be one of the greatest things of its kind ever known. It will be offset by a big sound money parade later on. But these people in New York, who are harping on sound money, do not seem to take into consideration the great trust question. That is the question with the masses of voters and there is no argument that can reach those masses. Mr. Bryan, to tell the truth, seems to be getting stronger in this capital of the enemy's country. By sheer hammering away he has at last secured a hearing in the city in quarters other than those of the yellowest journals. The New York *Herald* has been treating him with great fairness, not to say favor, and the fact that he reaches such a *clientele* as the *Herald's*, who would not listen to him four years ago, is very significant. I must say, too, that if Mr. Bryan should ever carry New York State, he would have to give great thanks to Mr. Homer Davenport. Davenport's cartoons have made more Bryan votes than all Bryan's speeches have ever made. Outside of the columns of the New York *Sun* there has been no fight made for the Administration. The *Sun* unfortunately fights too well. It makes friends for the other side. The *Evening Post*, most mugwumpish of papers, supports McKinley only half-heartedly. Somehow all the New York papers fail to take Col. Roosevelt as seriously as they take him out in the West. There is practically no Republican campaigning, in the old sense, in this great town. No one has heard the Republican nominee for Governor say a word since his nomination. The Republicans are dead sure New York is safe. It may be safe, but if one may judge by the superficialities the Republicans are too safe. It is evident to me that the influences grouped under the words "Wall Street" are being relied upon almost alone to carry New York. We shall see what we shall see.

W. M. R.

### A Dude Strike

THERE'S a funny strike on in New York just now. It's a dude strike, if ever there was one. It seems that the men employed by Tiffany, in the engraving of cards and crests upon copper, have concluded that they want recognition of their Union. There are not many of them, but they're a swell set and quite intelligent. They stand around the Tiffany establishment in silk hats, broadcloth coats, creased trousers, hand-tied cravats and gloves, and endeavor to prevent the employment of men to take their places. They drink champagne. They smoke fine cigars.

And well they may. Their salaries range from \$90 to \$100 per week. They are the nobobs of Labordom and it is funny to see them picketing the Tiffany establishment in Union Square in order to stop men not of the Union as they apply for employment. It is all the funnier when you think that these dude strikers are in reality fighting against another organization of the same purpose as their own. These men represent the Brotherhood of Copperplate Engravers. They want to be recognized by Tiffany and to shut out the National Copperplate Engravers. The Tiffany management says that it will recognize neither Union, and it must be said that under all the circumstances public sympathy is with the Tiffany management. But the public is amused at a strike that is carried on by men with such salaries as \$90 and \$100 per week.

W. M. R.

### Bank Directors

IN Elizabethport, New Jersey, there is a little bank at which, until a few days ago, a young man named Schreiber was a trusted employee. Young Schreiber is now missing. So are large wads of the bank's funds. Young Schreiber enjoyed the fullest confidence of the President of the bank and of all the Directors. He was such a good young man—in Elizabethport. In New York he was a sport. He played the horses. He bet on prize fights. He bought diamonds and fine traps and gorgeous gowns for a "lady friend" named Mrs. Hart. He gave her \$60,000 worth of fine things and bought wine-suppers for all her friends. Then she "turned him down" and he went home, helped himself to a little more of the bank's money and disappeared. The bank directors thought they could get back something, so they attempted to seize Mrs. Hart's flat and grab the diamonds. They took out the necessary papers and went to the house in which she lived. She gave them permission to search the place. They found nothing. The diamonds had been safely hidden. Now the best of all this is, that it is the opinion of the people that Mrs. Hart's hiding the diamonds was all right. The bank directors deserved to lose the money. They never paid any attention to their business as they were required by law to do. They never had the books carefully examined and it seems that the State bank examiner simply looked at the building from the outside, satisfied himself that it seemed strong and so reported. The bank officers and directors were more criminal, almost, than the young man who robbed them. The incident brings forcibly before the public the necessity of laws that shall provide heavy penalties for directors of banks who do not attend to their duties. No bank could be robbed systematically if there was any such thing as a regularly recurring rigorous examination of the books. This could be done every ninety days. It would cost a good deal of money, perhaps, in the course of a year, but it would prevent these large thefts that are more frequent than the public imagines. It is estimated that three-fifths of the bank speculations in this country are hushed up. If they were all made public the people would have little use for banks.

W. M. R.

### Mr. Stone

It is rather astonishing to a Missourian to find out how much ice the Hon. W. J. Stone, of Missouri, seems to cut in the East. He's a bigger man than Bryan or Gorman or Jones, at least, the press treats him as such. He has impressed all the reporters that "he's a dead wise guy," and what he says goes. It is believed in Gotham that W. J. Stone is a candidate for President of the United States in 1904, or, at least, that he is playing so to be. Stone, when he appears at the Hoffman House, exudes mystery at every pore. He leans over the bar and catches the barkeep by the lapel of his jacket and whispers mysteriously in his ear when he orders a drink. He makes mysterious signs to the waiters in the cafe. And he reads the newspaper in the corridor like a detective in a play. Mr. Stone is supposed to be the right hand man, in National politics, of Mr. Richard Croker. But Mr. Stone's prominence in the Eastern newspapers is not doing him much good. Mr. Stone is not in favor with Mr. Bryan. Once Mr. Bryan thought well of Mr. Stone, but Mr. John P. Altgeld had a talk with Mr. Bryan



and told that gentleman some things about Mr. Stone that have caused a coolness between the two men. This accounts for the prominence of Mr. Stone in the East. He can do no harm, according to Mr. Bryan's theory, in the East. If he were left out West, he might turn a trick that would do up the party. In the East he is with the other fellows who don't like or care for Mr. Bryan and in a place where Mr. Bryan expects none the best of the game anyhow. So it is that the more prominence given Stone, the more harm is done him, so far as Mr. Bryan is concerned. He may think he is getting in line, through the Easterners, for the Democratic nomination in 1904, but if he does he is mistaken. If Bryan should be elected he could prevent the nomination of a man like Stone, and if Bryan be not elected and the Democratic party be reorganized, the reorganizers are not going to be such idiots as to put a man like Stone at the head of affairs. Mr. Stone's prominence is ephemeral. That is too bad. Mr. Stone is a "smart" man; but he is too smart.

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#### Gus Thomas on the Stump

MR. AUGUSTUS THOMAS, the playwright, is out in New York making speeches in which he is eulogizing Aguinaldo and denouncing imperialism. How those who hear him are to be envied. There is no more delightful talker in the United States than Gus Thomas. He has the most delightful manner, just stopping short of hesitancy, and always bringing up with precision. His humor is delightful, and his sentiment is of the gently pervasive sort that wins everyone, no matter what the theme. Regardless of the side taken by Mr. Thomas, his appearance on the stump for Tammany is a thing the significance of which cannot be overlooked. Such men do not get out in the open and fight for an organization that is wholly and hopelessly corrupt. The influence of a man like Thomas is very strong, and more particularly as he was, in years gone by, a Republican. I believe he ran for the Legislature in Missouri on one occasion as a Republican, and I think he was defeated. But Fate reserved him for better things—among them the distinction of being the foremost American dramatist.

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#### Former St. Louisans

REFERENCE to Gus Thomas has suggested mention of other St. Louisans one comes upon in skirmishing about the center of the town. You'll find Dr. I. N. Love at the Iroquois, in sumptuous offices, and enjoying much distinction as a new bright light in medicine. Willie Walters, formerly of the old Grand Opera House, St. Louis, is treasurer of the Garrick Theater, where Crane is presenting "David Harum." Mr. Walters is the husband of the charming Maconda, whom St. Louisans are to hear at the great music festival. George Moore, the hotel man who left the Planters' in St. Louis because he was a friend of Gov. Stephens, and the management did not like Gov. Stephens, is the chief clerk at the Gilsey House. In the newspaper world, of course, one runs upon St. Louisans like Florence D. White, John J. Jennings, John A. Dillon, and others of the old *Post-Dispatch* contingent now on the *World*. Mr. Jennings' book, "Widow Magoogin," is a great hit in New York, and the seventh edition is now upon the press. Martin Green, the man who wrote the great description of the St. Louis cyclone in the *Republic*, Frank Carlisle, the St. Louisan, who is the head and front of the Scripps-McRae interest in the East, E. W. Hardin, the St. Louisan who was with the fleet at Manila, and scooped everybody on the details of the battle, and others who have gone higher. You'll hear that Henry Clews once lived in St. Louis, while Henry Villard, the poet-financier, who tried to make, and nearly succeeded in making, himself the greatest railroad man in the country, used to live at Belleville. There's a legend that the distinguished William Tod Helmuth, M.D., once lived in St. Louis. These are only a few of the people one meets or hears about as "reformed" St. Louisans, and, truth to tell, the reform has done most of them good. It is a rather remarkable thing that no St. Louisans who have attained great riches have gone to New York to try for

the social prizes. Every other city in the country has contributed families to the swell push of New York, but St. Louis is not represented. I mentioned this to a very wealthy St. Louisan the other day, and his answer gave me food for reflection. "Don't talk about rich people in St. Louis," he said. "There are no rich people in St. Louis who would be considered rich and able to keep up the swell pace in Chicago. Two or three of the rich men of Chicago or Cleveland could buy out all our alleged St. Louis millionaires. There are very few men in St. Louis who have the wealth that enables them to live without active work in the way that many men live in New York and Chicago. There are few, very few St. Louisans who could enter the lists in New York in a social way, and stand the game for any length of time. St. Louis is a very wealthy city, but it contains singularly few wealthy men who rank with the wealthy men of New York or Chicago." There is a moral to be drawn from the statement I have quoted. What is it? It may be that St. Louisans do not take the chances that are taken in New York, or Chicago, and, therefore, do not make the big strokes. It may be that St. Louisans are not so grasping or unscrupulous. It may be that the "climate" has something to do with it. But whatever the explanation the fact is certainly peculiar.

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#### Theater Mad

NEW YORK is theater mad. The actor and the actress seem to be the only deities worshiped outside of the millionaires. At every theater the sign is out: "Standing Room Only." At the theaters where the big hits are running one has to order tickets from five days to two weeks in advance, if he does not want to be robbed by the speculators. This ticket-speculator nuisance has grown to enormous proportions. The speculators always have all the good seats. They run the prices up to scandalous figures when a hit happens along. The transients want to see the shows that are most talked about. They are willing to pay almost anything. The speculators reap rich harvests. It is not seldom that \$1.50 seats are sold for \$3 or \$5 in front of the theater, and now and then the prices go to \$10. This evil has often been attacked in the New York papers, but the newspapers are powerless. The theaters seem to stand in with the speculators. The speculators are always provided with the best seats in the house. At least the seats you want are always gone, no matter how prompt you are at the opening of the sales, but you can find them later in the possession of the speculators, and you never hear that the speculators are "stuck" when a show "peters out." They seem to be fairly well taken care of by the theatrical syndicate. This is, however, the worst complaint against the syndicate. I know, and have talked to a few actors. They are not violently anti-trust. They say that good actors and actresses are never out of work. The syndicate control of the theaters enables the actor and actress of ability to put in full time. If a house closes one place another is immediately open for the actors and actresses. The "rotten" professionals, the drunkards and idlers, have been pretty well weeded out. The organization of stock companies in various cities has given many men and women steady employment in places where they make friends. The stock company system gives the people at large better acting, and this enables the tip-toppers in the profession to enjoy long runs in New York. It must be confessed, too, that the Theatrical Trust has departed, to a great extent, from its policy of the very recent past in putting on *risque* and smutty plays. The plays that are now pleasing New York audiences are quite decent. This change of heart is due probably, in large part, to the campaign against nasty plays made by the trenchant Metcalfe in *Life*. It is, therefore, likely that other evils of the syndicate rule over theatricals in this country (and there are many) may be obliterated through the final effectiveness of the campaign that has been waged against the Trust for some years by Harrison Gray Fisk's *Dramatic Mirror*. One thing is sure. The syndicate has not kept down budding talent. At the present writing a girl hitherto unknown to fame, Miss Crossman, has the critics all at her feet for her matchless talent in

portraying the character of *Nell Gwyn*. You can't keep a good man down,—or a good woman either. The Trust, theatrical or otherwise, will never suppress the individual.

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#### A Just Kick

THEATER goes all over the country will applaud the New York *Sun* for an article that appeared the other day in protest against the "gag" in the play. That paper has expressed tersely the general objection to that custom of actors and actresses in lighter plays which consists in ringing in mention of certain hotels, bars, restaurants, champagnes, toilet articles, wearing apparel, and almost anything that is for sale. The actors and actresses do this so persistently that it is suspected they are well paid for their effort to fix certain articles and trade-names and trade marks in the memories of the audience. The people go to the theater to be amused, not to have advertisements fired at them by the men and women supposed to amuse them. It is often offensive when the performers work in sneers at one or the other of the Presidential candidates. This custom of "booming" certain articles, houses or brands of goods has grown to be an almost intolerable nuisance in New York, and it has spread out all over the country until the performances are getting to be just as heinous advertising devices as are the curtains of the theaters. The theater has been more commercialized in the last five years than any other aesthetic interest or institution in American life, and such protests as that made by the *Sun* must, in time, have a salutary effect in getting the cheap business flavor of the hand-me-down districts out of the lighter theatrical productions. It might be well for audiences to hoot down the interjected advertisements in dialogues and songs whenever they occur. There ought to be some place where people could escape from the advertising fiend. It is said that a British pill-founder got an advertisement in a hymn-book, but, even though the church be polluted by the coarser methods of push-your-business, the theater should be safe from the invasion of advertising catch-words and phrases.

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#### The Dewey Arch

THE Dewey arch is the dismalest thing on this continent. It is rusty and rickety and grimy and generally shabby. The beauty of it is wholly gone. The thing is an eyesore of the most offensive description. That it should be torn down everybody is agreed and the wonder is why it has not been removed. The thing stands as a monument to the shabbiness of New York's wealthy people who would not contribute the money to have the staff structure reproduced in marble or bronze. And now the great arch is made a means for advertising Mr. Bryan. A search-light stereopticon begins at night-fall to throw luminous mottoes upon the space where once appeared the inscription. "Give the Young Men a Chance," "Vote for Bryan," "We Must Be a Free People," "Beware of the Empire"—these are a few of the adjurations, pleas and remonstrances that catch the eye. Somehow there's a ghastly jocosity in the scheme. Here are all the arguments against the results of Dewey's victory being blazoned on the structure built to commemorate that victory. The Dewey arch was probably the most imperial thing this country ever saw, when it was new. Now it is useful only as a reminder of how soon a people recovers from its enthusiasms, and the things it was built to honor are now pilloried and scoffed at in letters of light on the tablet that contained the tribute to the deed of arms that called the arch into being. In my opinion the condition of the arch is a startling revelation of the state of public sentiment in New York on imperialism, though, of course, the Democratic City Administration is not above the trick of utilizing the very shabbiness of the structure as a campaign card. The Tammanyites point to the arch and say that the luster of the deed that the pile glorified has been dimmed by the subsequent events, just as the glory of the arch has departed. The arch was a piece of false-work. The victory at Manila has been rendered pinchbeck by the policy that followed it up. And there you are. But the arch ought to come down.



## Smellful Gotham

NEW YORK is just now a city of smells like unto those of the town of Cologne. The streets are being dug up for the "tupenny tube" and other things and the odors from the earth are numerous and nauseating. The predominant odor is that of gas, and the gas of New York must be made of skunk effluvia mollified by asafetida. The odor is everywhere, and it is very productive of headache. In order to forget the odor, if possible, many women douse themselves with perfumes when they go abroad. There is an unpleasant liking for loud perfumes manifest in the presence of many women in the cafes and the cars. This perfume seems to combine with the fumes from the leaking gas mains and punctured sewers and the upturned earth that has been absorbing all sorts of filth for years, and the combination is something frightful. A little more of this tearing up of New York streets and the atmosphere will not be much better than that hovering over the Chicago river. It is said that the tearing up of the streets has been the cause of a great deal of malaria. This odor-nuisance, however, is not the only nuisance under which New York now suffers. The water supply is insufficient. In the greater part of the town the pressure is very weak. On the third story of a flat it takes more than half an hour to fill a bath-tub, the water runs so slow. The warm water is very chilly these chilly October mornings, because it dribbles out so that it loses its heat before there is enough to bathe in. The tax-payer is kicking just as hard against the short supply as the people of St. Louis are kicking about the plenteousness of bad water in the latter city. Fact is, that cities are not so different after all. They are all mis-governed. The pay-rolls increase. The public work falls off. But in New York there is some public work being done by the politicians, while in St. Louis the public is being worked by the politicians.



## Gastronomes

APPALLING is the only word that applies to the gastronomic feats of these Gothamites. One is inclined to ask if they ever do anything but eat. Every other building has its restaurant, and the restaurants are never empty until about midnight. And nobody ever seems to be bolting his food. Every other man or woman at table has a bottle of wine. In one part of town it is wine at 40 cents the bottle. In another part of town it is wine at \$7.00 per bottle. And the connoisseurs tell that the wine is all good. That's what they used to say about whiskey—that all whiskey was good only some of it was better. With all this eating and drinking that impresses the writer, one sees but little evidence that the people are overfed or over-tanked. The New Yorker, as a rule, seems to be well taken care of and in fine physical fettle. In the natural order of things, a person taking hurried note of the gayety of the place, the brightness, the cheerful whirl, looks for the natural contrast, for the signs of poverty. I have met more beggars and more insistent and even insulting beggars on the streets of St. Louis in two nights than I have seen in New York in ten nights, and I have been ten times more on the streets of New York at night than on the streets of St. Louis. The beggars of New York are probably kept out of sight, although it would appear to be only natural that the unfortunates should appear where the crowds and the merriment are greatest. And speaking of the streets of New York at night, I am reminded to remark that the New York business man knows the value of electric light. He has electric lights to burn and he burns them. He sticks them all around his show-window. He arranges them in the letters of signs. He lets them burn far into the night, and this illumination makes Broadway nocturnally the brightest street of all the world's metropolises. Out in St. Louis the merchants and caterers have not learned the trick of electric light as yet. They are generous enough in lighting the insides of their places, but they won't waste light on the street. A few of the people on Olive Street have begun the use of electric lights as drawing attractions, but those few have been regarded as "daffy." It may be that there is no such use of electric

lights because St. Louisans don't go down town at night, but it seems probable that if there were more illumination of the streets, more St. Louisans would go down town at night. And then, again, it may be that the St. Louis business man is like the St. Louis Mayor, who has gained fame by meeting a dark crisis in city lighting with the words of wisdom, "We've got a moon yet, ain't it."



## Lipton

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, the best advertiser of the age, has immensely tickled the yachting maniacs by again challenging the cup. It must be said that the greater number of people interested in yachting have a hope they don't express, that the Irishman will "lift the cup." This country has had it for so long that the possession has ceased to be interesting. Meanwhile Lipton keeps pork cornered, and, up to the date of writing, has the power to make the price what he pleases. There are some who praise him for his magnanimity in refusing to push up the figure, but it is very likely that Lipton's restraint is not magnanimity, but good common sense. He knows that an attempt to run prices too high would simply bring pork out of the woods and break the corner. It is not likely that Lipton remembers the fate of old man McGeogh, who had lard cornered about twenty-five years ago and went down in a tremendous crash. Lipton seems to have a legitimate use for all his pork and not to be holding it for speculative purposes solely. Notwithstanding his corner, Lipton is popular. His challenge for the cup shows him to be a "dead game sport," and much is forgiven him on that account. Lipton is probably the most popular foreigner that ever struck these shores and it will be remembered that, on the occasion of Dewey's triumphal return, he almost divided honors with the Admiral in the parade and other festivities.



## Ladies' Limbs

THE ladies of New York don't seem to care much if their legs be seen. It was raining to-day, and I stood at the Hoffman House door on Fifth Avenue and watched the crowds go by. The women certainly do seem to be lacking in modesty. They lift their skirts outlandishly high. It is no exaggeration to say that some of them display the leg to the knee. If such things were in St. Louis one doesn't know what would happen. Here it's not noticed. And, I don't wonder. The displays really are not worth looking at. No lines of beauty. The women here do not seem to go in much for pretty shoes or pretty stockings. You can't blame them. They've got, to all appearances, nothing pretty to put in their stockings. This observation is reinforced by observation of the ladies who ride in the two-wheel handsome cabs. They cross their legs, leaving the flap-doors of the cabs open, with the greatest abandon. The result is, that there is a great display of limb. But nothing calculated to incite one to poetry. The ugliness of the New York feminine underpinning simply makes one sigh for Sixth and Olive, St. Louis, and a good, sloppy day. The rainy day skirt is much in evidence, but the way the women wear them makes the garments positive frights. The skirts flop and flap about from side to side instead of hanging neatly, and when you do see one that does hang right the effect is spoiled by an atrocious walk. But why the New York women raise their cut-off skirts and make such unblushing display of such frightful "props" is a dark and dismal mystery. I used to read, years ago, how the Gotham club man passed his hours at the club windows on rainy days looking at the girls' stockings. Well, if they do that these days they must indeed be fearfully ennuye. The things they are supposed to look at are not worth looking at.



## The Errors of Society

REV. BRADDIN HAMILTON has distinguished himself again by attacking society in an article in the *Smart Set*, that phenomenally successful magazine which was founded and is now edited by Arthur Grissom, a former Kansas City boy. Rev. Mr. Hamilton's article is a

scorcher. It almost mentions names. It attacks married women for being always seen in the company of men other than their husbands. It points out the scandal of wealthy and idle women having handsome young male private secretaries. It refers quite pointedly to the instance of the recent suicide of one of the women of the house of Havemeyer with no one near her but her handsome male private secretary. It is evident to the initiated that Rev. Mr. Hamilton has his eye on Harry Lehr as the constant associate of Mrs. "Stuyvie" Fish and Mrs. Oelrichs, but that is nothing. The whole article is daringly personal. The initiated can apply the names of the chiefest sinners to every vice that is signalized. The article has created a great sensation and edition after edition of the magazine has been run off in the last week or ten days. The *Smart Set* is coining money beyond all doubt. That is what the magazine is published for. But, after reading the article, one is prone to question the taste of the Rev. Braddin Hamilton in making personal attacks upon people. It does not seem a Christian or even a gentlemanly thing to do. And, moreover, while the clergyman's name is appended to the article, the general swing of the thing in style and scope is such that it is difficult not to suspect that the reverend gentleman has been used by the *Smart Set* just as the daily papers use prize fighters; that is to say, that some regular newspaper man wrote the article for a pittance and that the preacher signed it for a substantial honorarium. However that may be, the article is said by those who know to be strictly veracious, and if it be so, then the Lord help American society.



## New York Lawyers

IN New York the mysteries of the wills of Millionaire Rice are the great topic of conversation. Lawyer Patrick appears to be guilty of having schemed to get control of the old miser's property, possibly by conniving at the poisoning of the skinflint Texan. The exposure of Patrick, however, has called attention to the fact that the limbs of the law are not highly regarded in the American metropolis. "Oh as to Patrick," sensible people will say, "he has only done directly what other lawyers do by indirection. They are all out for the same thing, the absorption of the substance of their clients. The great New York estates that get into the hands of lawyers never get out. The wealthy imbeciles, male and female, that fall into the clutches of lawyers are slowly and legally robbed." Patrick, while attorney for Rice in a certain suit, has been found to have taken a fee on a side opposed to him. And a reputable paper commenting on that most heinous crime against legal ethics, says that it is only what other lawyers do when chance offers. It is declared that the Bench and Bar Association has protected prominent lawyers and ex-judges from the punishment due to such infamous practices. Law, as to property in New York, is said to be simply legalized thievery. Heretofore I have always thought that the San Francisco lawyer took the palm for ingenuity of ways and means in the matter of gobbling up other men's property, but the comment upon the Patrick case, and the easily recalled judicial scandals of late years and particularly the case of Hilton and the A. T. Stewart estate give color to the theory that the New York bar is desperately degenerate. The Hilton manipulation of the vast Stewart fortune is called to mind afresh by the announcement that the late Judge's store of rare wines and cigars is to be sold at auction in the near future. The name of Stewart is practically forgotten. Wanamaker runs his great store, that Hilton ran into ruin. His famous woman's hotel bears not even a trace of his name. There never was a man whose commercial greatness came to quite such complete nothingness as Stewart's—and all because of his lawyer.



## Registration

FROM all over the country comes news that the registration this year is greater than ever before in the history of any national election. It shows, for one thing, that the apathy that we have heard so much about was only apparent. The MIRROR has maintained all along that the apathy



was due to the fact that the people had made up their minds. It is now plain that the people are anxious to vote. Aside from this explanation, there is the other one, that the party machines are ringing in floaters. There is a great cry of corruption from both parties in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and New York. The Democrats say Hanna is stuffing the lists and the Republicans claim the Democrats are colonizing. There is probably some truth but a great deal of falsehood in both claims. It is significant, however, that the Republicans should be making such a howl. It shows that they are getting pretty badly scared by the vigorous campaign being made by the Democrats all over the country. While it may prove to be a mistake for the Democrats to bring the Republicans out of the brush there is no disputing the fact that there is a greater than ordinary element of uncertainty in the present election. The men who are "not saying a word," though appearing to acquiesce in the party platforms, are more numerous than ever. The anti-imperialist Republicans and the imperialist Democrats seem to make a tie. If it were not for free silver and the anarchist, socialist, revolutionary scare, caused by the rampageousness of the Chicago platform four years ago, I believe Mr. Bryan would carry New York State next month with ease. The best illustration of the doubtfulness of the result is to be found in the reply of Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, of the *Staats Zeitung*, to a critic who objected to his slashing at both sides—just about as the MIRROR has been doing. "Whatever I shall do," says Mr. Ottendorfer, "I have only my own conscience to consider, and as to giving others advice in the matter, that is impossible. Everybody should read and study the questions carefully and then act in keeping with his own judgment." The *Evening Post*, the one paper of New York that hates Bryan most, because it represents the extensive Wall Street idea, indorses Mr. Ottendorfer's attitude. The whole situation seems to me to be that if it were not for free silver the men who carried New York for Grover Cleveland would carry it "hands down" this year for Mr. Bryan. You can't make any issue but the money issue a paramount issue in New York. The only thing that can offset the solidity of the vested interest vote in the Empire State is the vote of the many against the Trusts. And when you realize the enormous strength of the interests that are solid against Bryan you cannot but admire the nerve and skill of the Democrats who have made such a front for their candidate as to make the plutocracy quake with fear.



#### Good Politics

WITH all that we hear about the corruption of politics in New York there are some good things about it. For instance in the recent nominations both parties renominated for office Judge Patterson, a jurist, who has given satisfaction on the bench. The bosses were reported not to like him, but they recognized his ability, and the need of men like him on the bench, and they agreed to give him another term. Now can anyone imagine such a thing occurring in St. Louis. What would happen if both parties should agree in supporting a man like Judge Klein! Surely chaos would come again. Judge Klein, it is safe to say, would not be turned down in New York for an honest opinion from the bench. There have been bad judges in New York, like Maynard, and some others. Attempts have been made to elect bad men, and bad lawyers, but there has never been, so far as I can learn, any punishment of a judge because of his rendering a palpably honest opinion.



#### Cheap Opera

DURING all the time that Mr. Joseph Sheehan was singing in the Castle Square Opera Company his voice never once broke down, but as soon as he came under the influence of Mr. Grau he acquired the tenor habit of sudden illness. His failure to appear the other evening disappointed a great crowd at the Metropolitan Opera House. All of which is only an introduction to the news that the combination of Mr. Savage and Mr. Grau with the intention of giving grand opera in English at popular prices has been a stupendous success. The new arrangement has caught

on immensely. The house is jammed at every performance, and the applause is almost overwhelming. The people appreciate opera in English. They understand it. The music means more to them because of the intelligibility of the language. Even the illuminati of music agree that the grand opera in English is a great idea, and that it must, eventually, do a great deal towards elevating musical taste in America. A few critics sneer at the idea of doing anything for taste by the Savage-Grau plan, but in the main the verdict is, that the familiarizing of the masses with the music of the masters is a great step upward. Already the music dealers report increased sales of the music of the first-class operas rendered, and a falling off in the purchase of all the rag-time "rot" that has been so popular for some years. The giving of the Wagner operas in English has been especially marked by the inquiry for Wagner music at the music stores by people who formerly asked only for the lighter "stuff." The fact of the matter is, according to an eminent musician with whom I talked the other day, that the American people are fast becoming as familiar with the musical classics as the city people of the Latin countries. He said we might ridicule as we would the Pianolas, the Aeolians, and Angeluses, and other mechanical devices for music-making, but the evidence was convincing that the use of those instruments in presenting gems from the classics had prompted many natural music lovers to go beyond the mere liking of popular tunes, and take up music in its higher aspects. So, too, the Savage plan of Americanizing opera, had already had its effect in developing a wider interest in the art. The public of New York is taking to the scheme with just the same sort of enthusiasm that the St. Louis public took to it last season at Music Hall. The present popularity of the English grand opera may be a fad, but it is predicted that by the time the fad has begun to wane it will be found that the Englishing of opera "books" has created new and larger audiences for the real grand opera in French or Italian.



#### Mrs. Frank Leslie

SO Mrs. Frank Leslie has been "frozen out" of the publications left by her husband and for so long a time successfully managed by herself after his death. She claims all sorts of dark deeds have been done against her. Maybe they have been done. Anyhow, Mrs. Frank Leslie has always been a wonder to me. She always seemed to be much of a great sham. The articles bearing her signature didn't read like she wrote them. The lovely pictures of her didn't look anything like her. Her jewelry always looked suspiciously like paste. And to crown everything she married an imitation man, Willie Wilde, Oscar's brother, and divorced him in a few weeks. She was boomed as a great woman on all sides and yet the booming did not conceal a great deal of silliness in her pretensions to literary, social and pulchritudinous distinction. She had, it seemed to me, a clever set of press agents, but they seemed unable to keep their tongues out of their cheeks when grinding out their copy. Mrs. Leslie was so deadly serious about herself there was no room for anyone else to be serious about her. But all that doesn't matter, if she has been "done" out of her properties, which were undoubtedly great as money-makers at one time, though never, at any time, entirely free of the suspicion of "phoney." Even now, many people in the world that once was supposed to know her, though she never truly was of it, suspect that there's a carefully plotted advertisement back of her recent hard-luck story.



#### Our World's Fair

THE more the St. Louisan abroad thinks of the matter of the St. Louis World's Fair, the more he is convinced that St. Louis needs it. I cannot tell how often in my "mixings" in the East I have heard the people speak of St. Louis as a place of barbarism as a result of their reading about the more disgraceful incidents of the street-car strike. They want to know if the reign of terror is yet over. They inquire if it would be safe for ladies to visit St. Louis. They wonder what protection property has in St. Louis.

The city has received a terrible black-eye. Something must be done to obliterate the memory of the lawlessness. Nothing better could be done than to make certain the holding of a great World's Fair that will show the town in the best possible light. After that the citizens should rise up in a body and rout the politicians from office and instal a reform government of the best possible type. And then a fund should be raised to pay for the insertion of large items, at advertising rates, in every great paper in the United States, announcing the fact that the city has turned out the men whose mismanagement resulted in the disgraceful incidents of the strike. It would pay St. Louis business men to spend \$200,000 in the conspicuous setting forth, in special articles, in all the best publications, of the fact that St. Louisans have taken their city out of the hands of the gangs. Why, actually, the other day, a prominent journalist was surprised to read in a New York paper a synopsis of Mr. Isaac W. Morton's recent article in a journal of ethics upon business morality. I asked what was surprising about the article. "Nothing," he replied, "except that it comes out of St. Louis." Mr. Morton's article revealed a different St. Louis to the gentleman in question. I tell the readers of the MIRROR, here, again, that something must be done for St. Louis in the immediate now, if we are ever to recover from the results of misrule and mistaken conservatism in the past. We have got to have a reform government of St. Louis and a World's Fair of the very first magnitude, or else we had better crawl into our shells and let the world go by.

Uncle Fuller.



#### SONS OF THE MORNING.

A ROMANCE OF PLATONIC LOVE.

FOLLOWING his virile "Children of the Mist," comes another Dartmoor story from Eden Philpotts, "Sons of the Morning"—a work of even more individuality than the former. A writer of vigorous English, intense imagination and deep love for the moors, tors and circles of the mystery-haunted country of the Damnonians, Philpotts is to be ranked with Blackmore and Hardy. His work distinctly shows that he is a student of the former and in his delineation of character and the subtle by-ways of human nature he becomes as vivid as the latter with, however, a refined touch that Hardy often lacks.

As in his former novel the characters are out of the ordinary; they belong to the atmosphere, surroundings and traditions of the place; they are purely local. One could not imagine either the man or woman, *Christopher* or *Honor*, belonging to any other section of any other country than this queer little corner of England called Dartmoor.

The two are the last of their respective races, *Christopher* Yeoland of a line of commoners dating back to 1300 and *Honor* Endicott "of yeoman descent dating back to Tudor times." The vicissitudes of generations have left the patrimony of both in an impoverished state, Godleigh, the ancestral hall of *Christopher*, being in a condition bordering on decay, and Bear Down Farm, an immense tract of grass land of which *Honor* is mistress, needing sorely the spending of money to make it the valuable property it would easily be. *Christopher* lives alone at Godleigh with only one or two old retainers, while *Honor* is blest with her blind uncle, *Mark*, at once the beloved of all about him, and the mentor and confidant of all who know him. Besides having *Mark* she is a ruler over a coterie of serving people, who served her parents before her and who fairly worship the girl who is the last *Endicott* of Bear Down Farm.

From babyhood *Christopher* and *Honor* have been lovers, and the story opens with the day that *Honor* formally says "yes" to *Christopher's* pleadings. They are very peculiar young people, especially *Christopher*, who is not at all a real, natural, flesh-and-blood man. He is a passionate lover of nature, light-hearted and indolent. He sees the ruin of Godleigh, but makes no effort to stop it. He is willing to drift along, enjoying the fair sunrise, the wonders of the moor, the shifting lights over the tors, the glory of stream, flower and tree, and, above all, the laughter-filled eyes of *Honor* Endicott. Beyond these he does not go. Perfectly satisfied, now that *Honor* has promised to be his wife, he is in no haste for marriage; he



simply lives along his idle, careless way, happy as the day is long and as totally free from any idea of responsibility as the birds whose voices make music in his forest trees.

Although *Honor* is in no haste for matrimony herself this indifference of *Christopher's* naturally piques her, and she is in this frame of mind when a distant cousin, *Myles Stapledon*, who proposes to invest some money in Bear Down, comes upon the scene. *Myles* is as positive a character as *Christopher* is negative. He loves nature as deeply as he, but he bears the burden of life and of living as an always present weight. He is a materialist and yet as reverent a soul as one could find. He leaves no duty undone and yet finds time to wander over moor and tor and to watch the sunrise as often as *Christopher*. In these early hours the two often meet and become very congenial in an intellectual way, friends almost, and yet with a consciousness of reservations which would always hold them apart.

*Myles* was a new element at Bear Down Farm, and his earnest manhood impressed *Honor* until, unconsciously, the two grew graver. *Christopher* noted the change and resented it; he laughed through life himself and *Honor* must do the same. To miss the music of her ever-ready laughter was to darken the skies for him and he could not endure that, so when *Myles* found that *Honor* was growing too near to him and left the Farm for duty's sake, *Christopher* must needs take *Honor* to task for her seriousness and bring about a quarrel which resulted in a broken troth. Then off to Australia goes he and, after some months, *Myles* comes back and asks her to marry him. *Honor* confesses that she loves him, but also declares that she loves *Christopher*, too, and always shall, and seems unable to understand why *Myles* cannot be contented to take her divided heart. *Myles* puzzles over the question, studies *Honor's* every attitude and at last believes that she still loves *Christopher* best. Then he determines to do what seems only his duty, albeit, a sacrifice of all that is dearest to himself. He sends *Christopher* word to come back and marry *Honor*, because she still loves him as of old, and then he goes away.

*Christopher* receives the message just as an old cousin, who bears his own full name, dies suddenly in Australia and upon the freak of the moment, and also because he thinks it may be best for *Honor*, he sends the body to Godleigh for interment as his own, leaving her free to marry *Myles* if she likes. The death of his relative leaves him a rich man and with riches comes an ardent desire to return to Godleigh, the dearest tie he holds upon earth next to *Honor's* affection. But he remains away until after *Myles* and *Honor* have been married over a year, and then steals back to the home of his fathers. *Honor* sees his wraith, as she believes, in the woods one night and is frightened desperately. The next day her baby is born—dead. After that she goes into a low condition of mind and body, brooding always upon the dead lover whose ghost she saw in the gray light, but telling no one just what had so terrified her.

Finally *Christopher*, who can no longer endure to see Godleigh and *Honor* in the role of a disembodied spirit determines to resurrect himself and make a clean breast of it all, but about that time the fraud is discovered in a very peculiar way. *Honor's* retainers are very anxious about her, and old *Jonah Cramphorn* goes to a wise old woman, who is known as a "white witch," for some potion of power to make his mistress well. She prescribes "oil of man," which must be made from a human skull. *Jonah* and a confederate nerve themselves to the pitch of going into the Yeoland vault and opening the casket last placed upon its shelves, but discover to their horror that it contains the body of an old man and not the familiar form they had expected to find. So the story is out by the time the real *Christopher* appears in the flesh.

Relieved of her horror of the supernatural, *Honor* gets better, while *Christopher* picks up the old life as if he had never laid it aside. He is in and out of the Farm at all hours, he takes *Honor* about and tries to resume his old relations with *Myles*, all in his happy, impersonal way, not able to realize that marriage can make any difference where *Honor* is concerned. He accepts the fact that she is happily wedded to a good man without a shade of jealousy, and proceeds to enjoy her presence as in the old days when they belonged solely to each other. Being an abnormality in the way of a man he cannot understand the darkening cloud upon *Myles'* brow, while *Honor*, as abnormal as he, sees a difference in her husband, and wonders at it, yet

goes on densely ignorant of its cause, and laughs hours away with *Christopher*.

Even the faithful retainers can no longer close their eyes to their master's state of mind, and accordingly they talk it over: "Damn bowldacious of the man, however," declared *Pinsent*, referring to *Christopher*. "'Tis so;" assented *Jonah*, "an' all of a piece wi' his empty life fust to last; an' that's what's makin' *Myles Stapledon* go heavy an' forget to give me an' others 'gude-mornin' or 'gude-evenin,' 'cordin' to the time of day. He thinks—same as I do—that there's a sight tu much o' Yeoland in the air; an' yet he's that worshipful of his wife that though maybe she frets him, he'd rather grizzle himself to fiddle-strings than say a word to hurt her. 'Mazin what such a wonnerful woman sees in that vain buzz-fly of a man.'"

The result of this conference is that, out of their love for their mistress, whom most of them had played with as a baby, and with no thought of presumption, they evolved a document, mostly of Scripture quotations, designed to open her eyes to her danger, which they all signed and mailed to her. This "round-robin" startled her, and sent her to *Uncle Mark* for advice, and she heard some very plain talk, and about that same time *Myles* and *Christopher* met, and *Myles* delivered himself of some equally lucid conversation, begging *Christopher* to leave for *Honor's* sake. "Not unless *Honor* asks me to do so," is the gist of satisfaction poor *Myles* receives, but he goes home with a determination that peace must be had in his own soul in one way or another.

That night he has a talk with *Honor*, and tells her she must either be his utterly, or *Christopher's*, and learns that she loves him, and always has, the best. Bitterly she reproaches herself, but when the day dawns it finds them both happier than they have ever been, and *Honor* eager and glad to go with *Myles* anywhere away from *Christopher*. Full of his new peace and happiness *Myles* goes that day for a walk in the moor, is overtaken by a storm and, trying to rescue a wounded sheep, falls upon a stone and is killed.

After two years *Honor* and *Christopher* marry abroad and return to Godleigh to live. Constituted as they both are they must naturally be happy, and *Honor* looks forward to nothing less. She has never doubted that *Myles'* death was accidental, and has grieved sincerely for him. *Uncle Mark*, however, knowing of the talk between *Myles* and *Honor* the night before the fatal walk upon the moor, has always believed that *Myles* sacrificed his life to leave *Honor* free to *Christopher*, and, talking aloud to himself as he often did when alone, she overhears the whole story as *Uncle Mark* believed it. She did not dream of doubting it, and so the iron of remorse entered her soul, and she knows that for her, at least, the future with *Christopher* will hold no after-glow of real happiness. The sun of wedded peace that went down upon *Mark's* death went down in a gray mist, and the after-glow is not to be hers ever again.

There are side characters as interesting in a minor way as the three principals, and the entire story is full of the fascination of its environment. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and can scarcely fail to be one of the season's successful books.

Frances Porcher.

### IN LITERARY GOTHAM.

HALL OF FAME CONTROVERSY—SOME CURRENT GOSSIP.

(For the MIRROR.)

Gould and the Immortals

DURING his life the late Jay Gould exhibited an aptitude amounting to genius for taking care of himself. If anything might be urged against him, it was perhaps that he evinced an equally remarkable deficiency in what Mr. W. D. Howells would call the altruistic spirit. Thus when hundreds, nay, thousands of men were ruined on the blackest day that Wall Street has ever seen, Mr. Gould actually added to his modest savings. When countless families were hurled down from opulence to beggary, Mr. Gould, like the thrifty and devoted parent he was, quietly gathered in the greater part of what these unfortunates had lost for the benefit of his own interesting family. The touching providence of Mr. Gould has not many parallels in our history, and what wonder that his grateful family should seek to perpetuate the memory of his virtues? But *nil nisi bonum*. Jay Gould left, besides his millions, however acquired, a daughter who is doing much in the way of vicarious atonement for the short-

comings of her parent. To this filial duty she is devoting her life with the zeal of a crusader. Her charities are among the noblest in the land, and they are not limited to those worthy institutions which Col. Ingersoll used to describe playfully as "minister factories." Miss Gould is not freakish in her benefactions. Her latest endowment, however it may disappoint the ambitious hopes that have been entertained for it, is at least worthy of her high character as a woman, and her most rare devotion as a daughter. The newly opened Hall of Fame in the New York University is well known to be the gift of Miss Gould, though formal announcement of the fact is still withheld. It is a noble monument of filial affection, and doubtless it will do much to redeem the memory of some transactions that made history in Wall Street.

But it is already apparent that Miss Gould's fond hope to create with her father's dubiously-gotten dollars a veritable American Valhalla, is doomed to disappointment. The list of Immortals, as chosen by the pompous committee of election, does not satisfy the public conscience. It is not inclusive enough. Something of Jay Gould's spirit has crept into the constitution of the Hall of Fame. He was always averse to letting people in on the ground floor. Indeed he would, for his own reasons, keep people out who had as good a right as himself to be on the inside. A good many persons are resorting to this obscure psychology in order to account for some extraordinary omissions from the list drawn up by the election committee. The exclusion of Poe is the sorest topic with the dissatisfied, but the partisans of Lowell and Holmes and Cooper are almost equally exasperated. It is the foreign view that Poe was considerably more of a genius than either Irving or Longfellow, and in literary awards the foreign view is held to anticipate the verdict of posterity. The Poetites derive much consolation from the fact that some of the chief writers of the New England school whom Poe was accustomed to score as arrogating "all the decency and all the talent," have failed to achieve immortality, on the terms of the Gould bequest.

As to the author of the "Last of the Mohicans," though there be much grief and bitterness of spirit at Cooperstown and Albany (a considerable number of whose inhabitants have had their names Fenimore-Coopered by statute) it cannot be urged that the literary conscience of the country suffers by his rejection. Cooper's Indians and trappers never existed. Some of his work was admired by Victor Hugo and Thackeray, neither of whom knew anything about Indians or trappers. As a stylist he is positively the worst writer that ever obtained a large popularity, and I do not except the veracious Reynolds, whose full-blooded chronicles of the Georgian era sell even better than the Leather Stocking Tales. Cooper's attempts to pose as a literary man drew upon him the scorching irony of Father Prout (Francis Mahoney) and the bitter invective of Dr. Maginn. It will not easily be denied that these were both capable judges of literature. Cooper was thoroughly disliked by his neighbors, and the testimony available under this head leaves no doubt that he was in character harsh, conceited, priggish, overbearing and arbitrary. Some of these traits, especially the priggishness and literary affectation, are plainly marked in his descendants. A controversy touching Cooper's relations with his neighbors was recently aired in a New York newspaper. The bitterness with which it was waged, so many years after the quarrel had grown cold, certified the essential truth of that dark portrait of Cooper, which has been limned for us by his contemporaries.

The last tablet to be set up in the Hall of Fame will scarcely evoke any opposition, it is to be hoped, the source of the endowment being known. It will be dedicated to a man who was neither a literary genius nor a philosopher, neither a statesman nor a warrior, neither an inventor nor a philanthropist. The great distinction of this man was that he could make his name incomparably interesting on a bit of paper. Viewing the money-worship of the American people, it may seem extraordinary that the executors of Jay Gould should admit any one into their temple of immortality who was not distinctly of that great man's class. The exclusion of Edgar Allan Poe, a poet who was persistently "on his uppers," is really not half so surprising as that Jay Gould did not elect to take the entire Hall of Fame for himself.

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The Awful Alden

THE New York Times Saturday Review recently marked its fourth anniversary. It has attained a large measure of



success under the editorship of Mr. Francis W. Halsey, a gentleman of taste, ability and discretion. I suspect, however, that Mr. Halsey, like most editors of New York publications, is not absolutely unhampered in his discretionary powers. The alleged literary correspondence of Mr. W. L. Alden affords just ground for this presumption. I submit that anything at all comparable to the sublimated opinionativeness and priggish self-sufficiency of this same Alden cannot be adduced from the literature of the day. Alden is most ridiculous where he is most entitled to our forbearance—in his unwearied and uncompromising worship of Kipling. The man is so small himself that he nearly makes of Kipling a small beer chronicler. It is true he pours out his cockney incense to other idols, but this act of his mind is what the theologians term *dulia*, that is to say, a sort of inferior idolatry. Lately the absurd Alden took us into his priggish confidence, avowing that he could never abide Goldsmith's immortal story, "The Vicar of Wakefield." I can fancy the gentle editor of the *Saturday Review* shedding a warm tear on this naive confession and painfully fingering his blue pencil ere he sent this precious copy to the printer. With his devout attachment to the canonized names of English literature, it must have cost the editor such a struggle as he would not willingly confess, to put his imprimatur on this deliverance of the Alden mind. That Burke and Johnson were not ashamed to weep over the simple fortunes of the good Vicar; that the immediate success of the story raised poor Goldsmith from the most sordid shifts of poverty to something like respectability and independence; that the great Goethe loved it beyond all English books—these reflections must have appealed strongly, though in vain (for reasons which the editor best knows) to the editorial conscience of the *Saturday Review*. And alas!—such is the fatal consequence of a first dereliction—the conscience-stricken editor was presently obliged to print an "appreciation" of the same Alden from one of his asinine admirers, and to express editorially the wish that there were more critics of the same stamp! As a piece of unconscious irony, this could be equaled only by the illuminating comment of the Alden himself.

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#### It's Ambrose's Privilege

AMBROSE BIERCE enjoys in his capacity of contributor to young Mr. Hearst's paper an unique liberty of expression. It seems a high price to pay for Ambrose's sharp pen, that he should be suffered to make fools of the *Journal's* able editors, but young Mr. Hearst pays the freight and doubtless knows what he is about. I should like to hear Mr. Moffet's candid opinion on the subject. The latter has been arraigning the Republican party for its abandonment of the principles of Lincoln, and has indeed written some of the most powerful articles of the campaign. Comes Ambrose with his devilish stylus and punctures the whole body of Moffet's argument with a satirical legend of a mediaeval lady (the Democratic party) who loved her lord (Lincoln) with a great and consuming passion, but, unfortunately, killed him with forty-seven stab-wounds. As a big bundle of Mr. Hearst's money is up on the issue of the campaign, and he is pleasuring himself with paying the expenses of the entire league of Democratic clubs, it must be set down to his credit, in addition to many other titles of esteem, that he is the most tolerant newspaper proprietor in these States. Nevertheless, intelligent readers of the *Journal* will be inclined to agree with me that Mr. Hearst cannot pay too high a price for Ambrose Bierce's stuff when it is good—which it generally is. The travesty of Joaquin Miller's cabled story—cabled at Mr. Hearst's expense—relating to the alleged voluntary drowning of thousands of Chinese women in order to poison the rivers for the foreign devils, was one of the cleverest things ever done for the American press. No doubt Mr. Hearst regarded it as amply reimbursing him for the great Joaquin's somewhat fruitless expedition.

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#### Vagabondia's Poet

IT is good news for all true lovers of poetry that we are to have more Songs from Vagabondia. I have the assurance from Bliss Carman's own lips, who is back in town from a summer's seafaring in his loved Nova-Scotian waters, bronzed and tall and blonde as a hero of Norse fable. We have a right to expect that the new draught will not less delight and satisfy us than the old vintage. A poet cannot be always young and few poets sing well after middle life—that dread climacteric, the *octavum*

*lustrum* of Horace. After that period, indeed, a poet has seldom more to ask of us than that we shall buy his published works, prize his first editions and pay due tribute to his domestic virtues. Happily Bliss Carman has much of his youth before him and that which lies behind was spent in a way to insure for him a reversion of strength and power. He is in the full prime of intellectual vigor, master of his art and of himself, knowing life with a knowledge that has been purchased by no vital sacrifice. He should yet do his best work. He has done enough already to stamp him as the first of American lyricists. In the mere artistry of his poetical form he stands without a rival in this country. So we shall all be glad of those new Songs of Vagabondia, many of them doubtless gleaned in that northern region of romance and mystery which the poet knows so well, and where at his yearly coming to renew his genius at the sources of its earliest inspiration,

The rain-winds loose from reverie  
A lyric and a cheer!

New York, Oct. 14, 1900. Michael Monahan.

#### SONNETS TO A WIFE.

[For the MIRROR—Copyrighted.]

XIII.—ALONE.

THE hum of many voices rises near  
And from the road comes din of carriage-wheels;  
Beyond are sails that draw the outbound keels  
Which northward from the shimmering harbor steer;  
And there are myriads of strange faces here,  
Smooth brows that happy childhood's hour reveals,  
And wrinkled cheeks where care has stamped its  
seals.  
And wandering crowds by sea-wall and by pier.  
And we, beneath the cloudless summer sky,  
See all this gathering pass us in a stream,  
Nor note the lights that on the water gleam,  
Nor white-winged gulls that seaward dip and fly;  
We are alone—the rest is but a dream,  
In shadow-land we linger, you and I.

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XIV.—MUSIC.

A wind-song in the rushes; or a sigh  
From Autumn's chorus in the naked trees,  
The white-stoled chanting of the stately seas  
Against a line of cliffs that tower high—  
A plover's rippling whistle in the sky,  
Or wailing of the flutes in minor keys,  
I, in my time, have harked to all of these,  
And reedy plash of waters lispings by.  
But Oh! how harsh such chords must ever seem,  
Since in my heart I hear an echo come  
More sweet and low than plaint of mourning-dove,  
The reflex of the note that is my dream,  
That music which makes other music dumb,  
The voice of the one woman whom I love.

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XV.—A WOMAN'S WORLD.

The man she loves; and all he means to her  
Is what a woman's world is; in her way  
Of living and of loving day by day,  
Sometimes her dreaming eyes will fill and blur,  
And memories of him will come to stir  
Her heart-strings; as a blossom's self might sway  
When through the scented, flowery paths of May,  
Drift down the echoes of the winds that were.  
The little things are what she treasures most;  
Sweet, subtle courtesies of hand and speech,  
For these the lover's attitude still teach  
Better than costly gift or idle boast;  
As one who reckons, not without his Host,  
Holding her near and dear—yet out of reach.

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XVI.—BY MOONLIGHT.

In shadow-haunted hush of lonely place,  
With ripples lapping by the reedy shores,  
And glint of stars along the watery floors,  
I see again the profile of your face;  
The moonlight trailed across your wrist like lace,  
Then disappeared behind its cloudy doors,  
While we sat idly, with the idle oars,  
Twixt earth and sky, as balancing in space.  
How strange and beautiful to us it seemed,  
Held in the hollow of the night to float

With muffled liquid whisperings round the boat,  
While overhead the constellations dreamed;  
Some faint-heard rustle from the distant sands,  
And silence brooding o'er our close-locked hands.

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#### COMFORTS OF ELECTRICITY.

SOME THAT WE DON'T UTILIZE.

IT is not remarkable that we can not all indulge in the luxury of electricity in our houses; but it surely is strange that those of us who can do so do not make the most of it. That we do not is asserted by R. S. Hale in *The Electrical World and Engineer*, and what he tells us goes a long way toward substantiating his charge. We do not even have our switches for turning the light off and on arranged in the most convenient manner, says Mr. Hale. His article is thus condensed in the *Literary Digest*:

"Electricity (including, perhaps, electric gas-lighting), has the great advantage over other systems that the lights can be turned on or off from one or more distant points, instead of it being necessary to go to the fixture itself. For instance, a system can be so arranged that the lights in a bedroom can be turned on from outside the door, so that one can flood the room with light before entering it, and, no matter where the chairs or furniture have been placed, never need stumble over them in attempting to find the light. . . . .

"This system is useful in many ways. One instance in which it is especially desirable is to have all the hall and stairway lights on such a circuit, with one of the switches at the front door, one at the foot of the stairs, and one at the landing of each story. Then when one enters the house, turning a switch lights the hall, and there is no danger of stumbling over anything, for instance, a valise carelessly left in the way. Then after going upstairs the lights can all be turned off from upstairs, and it need never be necessary to go downstairs again to turn out a forgotten light and then go up again in the dark.

"While it is generally most convenient to be able to light all the stair lights from any story, it may in some cases be thought undesirable to have to light all the upper landings if only one flight of stairs is to be used. In such a case the lights can be arranged as follows: The hall light controlled by two switches, one at the front door and one at the foot of the stairs, the light for the first flight of stairs controlled by two switches, one at the foot of the stairs next to the switch controlling the hall light, and one at the top of the stairs, the lights for the other stairs, arranged in a similar way, so that as one came in or out one would turn out the light behind and turn on the light ahead.

"Stair lights may be put at the landings at the top or bottom of the stairs whenever the stairs are straight. If, however, the stairs turn, as they do in most houses, it is much more convenient to place lights at the turn to light both the top and bottom of the stairs.

"Bedroom lights can be arranged in the same way as the hall lights with much comfort. For instance, I have a three-way switch at the door of my bedroom and the corresponding switch beside my bed. I light the lights as I enter the room, and have no fear of stumbling over the furniture. I turn out the lights after I am in bed, and can light them again without getting up in case I have to rise before it is light. An even more luxurious scheme is to have a pendent switch to control a light, the switch itself lying on the pillow or under the bed-clothes. With such an arrangement one can light the room without moving in the bed at all."

Another luxurious arrangement, Mr. Hale tells us, is to have an electric bed-warmer controlled by this pendant switch. Then if one wakes up in the night, cold, all that is necessary is to press a button without even sitting up, and electricity does the rest. Then, too, with electricity in the house, there is no excuse for dark closets. Every closet should be provided with an electric light, preferably hanging from the ceiling, so that it will light every portion without being in the way. The comfort of never having to grope in a dark closet or to take a greasy candle in among one's clothes is one of the greatest comforts of a properly lighted house. Mr. Hale tells us in conclusion that all these luxuries are far from costly. He says:

"The cost of all the devices spoken of above will not add twenty-five per cent to the cost of wiring a house,



nor as much as that in many cases, and it will add one hundred per cent to the comfort. Further, these devices will, if anything, reduce the cost of current. The closet lights are used for such a short time that the amount of current is inappreciable, and the three-way switches for the halls and bedrooms reduce considerably the amount of current used, since the lights are used only when needed, instead of being left burning all the time."

### THE VIENNA PANIC.

HOW IT WAS CAUSED AND CURED.

(For the MIRROR.)

THE financial markets of Europe are still suffering from intense depression and heavy liquidation. A few days ago, a severe and disastrous panic took place on the Bourse in Vienna, entailing ruinous losses to unfortunate holders of industrial securities. So far as the Paris, London and Berlin markets are concerned, the worst appears to have been seen, but there is still considerable anxiety, and the banks continue their efforts to prepare for all eventualities of an unfavorable character. Close financial observers now predict that there will, in the near future, be a financial *krach* in Brussels, where inflation has been running riot for some months past. The Bank of France is evidently anticipating a storm, for it refuses to part with any of its enormous holdings of gold and maintains a strong grip on the money market. The financial relations between Belgium and France are, as is well known, very close. When, some time ago, the Bourse Laws were passed in France, several of the outside brokers in Paris closed their offices there, and moved to Brussels, hoping to make the latter a great international market.

The efforts of these prominent French brokers, together with a wild greed for speculation among the masses of the people of Belgium, resulted in an exciting and absurd period of reckless speculation. Some leading industrial stocks reached almost fabulous heights. The mania came to a sudden stop, however, when the supply of liquid capital neared exhaustion. In this respect, the Belgians made the same experience that we did in 1899. Now that money is scarce, and buying demand falling off to an alarming extent, holders of inflated stocks are growing uneasy, and it needs very little to precipitate a craze of liquidation.

Liquidation in the Berlin market seems to have run its course. There is now a belief that a perceptible improvement will be witnessed within the next six months. Many speculators in the German Empire had to pocket tremendous losses. Leading iron and steel and coal stocks dropped from 60 to 100 points. Owing to unwise Bourse legislation and heavy stamp-taxes, necessitated by naval and military expenditures, there was very little, if any, bear interest in the market, when the crash came, and, for this reason, the panic assumed grave proportions. There was absolutely no buying power for a few days, and investors were forced to sell at almost any old price their stocks would bring. It was only when big financial interests recognized the grave state of affairs, and, as a matter of self-protection, came to the relief of the market, that the unreasoning scare and liquidation came to a stop.

The market is now convalescent, and strenuous endeavors are being made to prevent a relapse. The liquidation has improved the financial situation very materially, inasmuch as it increased the supply of liquid capital and prevented a money-squeeze. Interest rates in the German Empire are now considerably lower than they were a year ago, and further ease is expected after January 1st, when the new law affecting the Imperial Bank will go into effect and allow of a considerable increase in bank-note circulation.

The collapse in the iron and steel industry, on both sides of the Atlantic, was, apparently, the immediate cause of the great disturbance in European financial markets. Even St. Petersburg could not escape from the effects of the crisis. According to advices, the German iron manufacturers are reducing working forces and cutting prices right and left.

While, for the time, the situation is not very cheerful, there is reason to believe that better times may soon be expected. The end of the war in South Africa, and the resumption of mining operations there, will again increase the gold supply of the world, and, together with the heavy liquidation of the past six months, assure us of an indefinite period of lower interest rates.

The bargain-hunter will make his appearance in due time, or as soon as confidence has been restored, and the upward march will be resumed. The *London Statist* is disposed to take a very optimistic view of the future. It predicts that an increase in the World's stock of gold will result in a long era of prosperity, not only in Europe and the United States, but also in South America and Australia. The only thing to be feared at present is international complications, which might lead to war among the great powers. The British authority indulges in the following prophecies: "It seems certain that the production of gold will very soon become considerably larger than it ever has been before, and will go on increasing for some years yet. If that be so, especially bearing in mind that the cost of mining will be reduced, the prices of commodities must everywhere rise. And the rise in prices will enable the indebted countries to meet their liabilities abroad by a smaller export of goods than hitherto. Thus the burden of debt will be practically reduced, and there will be a good surplus for improving the condition of the people."

There has certainly been a good cleaning-out in European financial markets in recent times, and, as above said, an improvement may be expected before long. So far as our own country is concerned, things are not as yet as they should be, and there is still sufficient cause to be careful and conservative. We are still suffering from the baneful effects of trust-promoting and almost unprecedented inflation, and the level-headed man will prefer to go slow until the atmosphere has become clearer.

Francis A. Huter.

### A PERFECT STRANGER.

THE PORTRAIT STORY ONCE MORE.

THE ordinary manly possessions were scattered about the room. Sticks, foils and boxing-gloves hung on the walls, together with a set of sporting prints and a couple of photographs of famous beauties. Nothing could be more normal than its aspect; the blazing fire, the drawn curtains, and the two little wiry-haired terriers on the hearth who looked comfortable and homely.

On either side of the fire two men were sitting, their evening coats exchanged for smoking jackets. The faces of both were grave, and the cigar of the one and the pipe of the other were neglected.

Reggie Dunallan and Harry Brett had been close friends all their life long. And now a woman had come between them, and that woman the wife of Reggie Dunallan.

"Old chap, you know I wouldn't injure you for the world," Harry Brett was saying, his face pale and agitated, his eyes yearning for sympathy from his friend. "I've made this infernal muddle by falling in love with your wife. There's nothing for it but for me to go away and leave you in peace. There's a fellow going off to Klondike; I'll join him."

Sir Reginald Dunallan rose and laid his hand on the other man's shoulder. "I see nothing else for you to do," he said, coldly, but not unkindly. "I am willing to make the excuse for you that you did not realize what you were doing when you stole my wife's heart. But you understand me when I say that although I could not keep her heart, I will defend her honor and my own to the last drop of my blood."

"I don't think that you need have any fears for your honor, and Felise is uncommonly well able to take care of herself," answered the other man, bitterly. He was younger and of a slighter build than Reggie Dunallan, singularly handsome, and the blue eyes that had done mischief in their time were now clouded with pain. Although Harry Brett was madly in love with Lady Dunallan, although she had confessed to him that she returned his devotion, he was nevertheless positive that she was as good as gold, pure as the driven snow. In spite of the fact that he had nothing to hope for from the woman who had enslaved him, he loved her madly, passionately, to the exclusion of friendship, of fidelity, of gratitude; for all these, and more than these, he owed to the husband of Felise Dunallan.

"To-morrow morning I go, old chap," he said at last, passing his hand across his forehead as he spoke. "If anything could make the whole business more desperate it would be the fact that it's your wife."

Reggie Dunallan gave a short laugh. "I don't know that it would be better if it were any other poor devil's," he said, with an effort. "Husbands are proverbially ridiculous objects the world over. It's an old story—'mine own familiar friend.' I'll try and think as kindly as I can of you, old boy, and I don't believe you meant to make this mess of my life." He held out his hand as he spoke. Harry Brett wrung the proffered hand.

"By Jove, you are a good fellow!" he said, almost passionately. "To think that a woman should have cost me your friendship; for you must loathe me, Reggie. Oh, I know how generously you are behaving and all that. But you must just hate the sight of me."

Reggie Dunallan turned his face to the fire and did not answer. The iron had entered his soul, and his heart was too sore, his love and his friendship too utterly done to death, for many words.

"Good-by, old friend," he said at last. "Please God, we may meet again some day, when we can afford to laugh at the 'tragedy of the sexes.'"

Harry Brett made no answer beyond something very like a sob.

"Mr. Brett, sir."

"All right—the dogcart, I suppose? I won't be five minutes."

"No, sir, not the dogcart. Sir Reginald would like to speak to you. Her ladyship is very ill—dying, they think, sir."

"Ill—dying! Lovely, wayward Felise!" Harry stood stupidly staring at the servant.

"The maid found her ladyship lying unconscious on the bed. They have been trying to rouse her. Sir Reginald has sent everywhere to try and find a doctor. Shall I tell him you will come to him, sir?"

Dragging on his coat, Harry Brett hurried down the corridor to his friend's room. Reggie Dunallan met him on the threshold; his face deathly pale, and a terrible look of anguish in his eyes.

"The doctor is there—he's with her now. Harry, old boy, I can see he thinks badly of her."

At this moment the doctor came out of the adjoining room. A look of relief crossed his face at the sight of Harry Brett.

"For God's sake, Dr. Bainbridge, tell me the truth," Sir Reginald said impatiently, as the doctor was going through the usual formula of writing a prescription and giving directions to the lady's maid.

"We must hope, Sir Reginald; we must hope for the best. It is useless to conceal from ourselves the fact that Lady Dunallan is very seriously ill."

"You think she is dying?"

The man of medicine looked at the husband doubtfully for a moment, then turned helplessly to Harry Brett without speaking.

"You think she is dying?" came from the white lips of Reginald Dunallan's friend.

"She is dying," said the doctor, bowing his head.

"My God!" The exclamation burst from the lips of the two men at once, and both made a movement toward the open door. But Reginald Dunallan laid a detaining hand on Harry Brett's shoulder, and, entering the room, shut the door in his face, with a stern, "Not you."

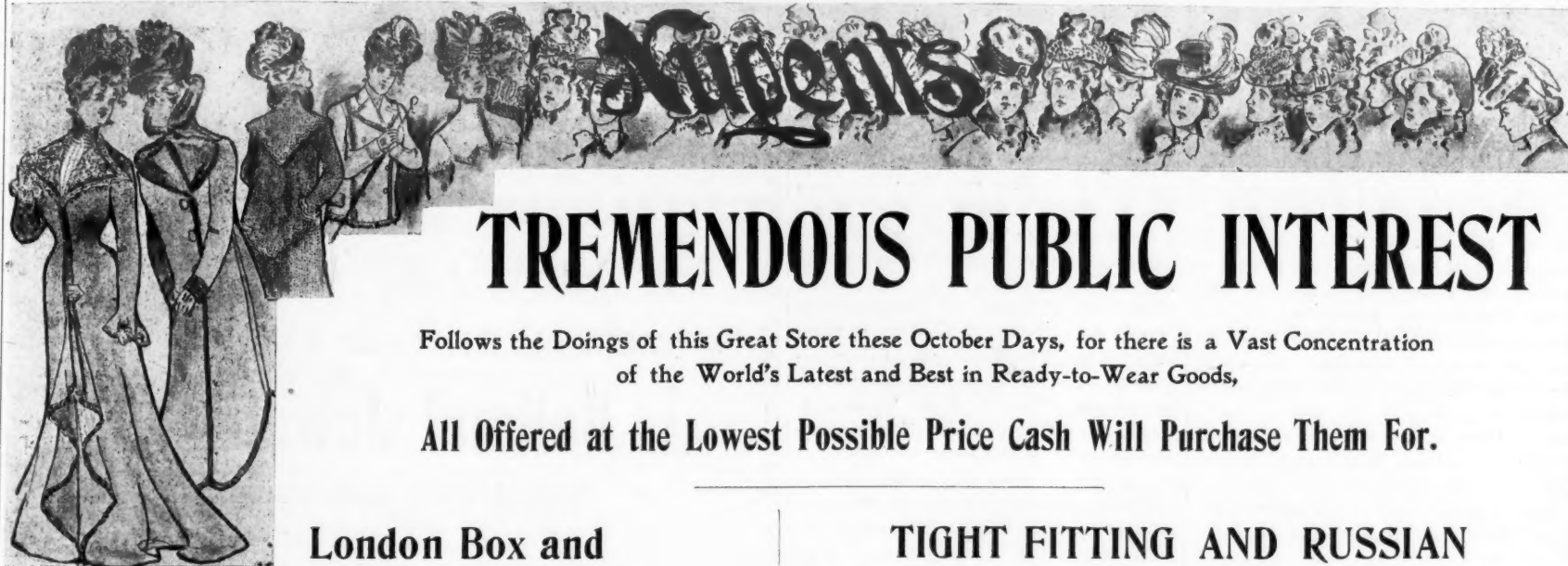
"It's a terrible calamity," said the doctor in polite platitudes, as Harry turned away, vainly endeavoring to conceal the agony in his face.

"What do you suppose was the cause?" he asked, at last, for the sake of something to say.

"Oh—heart. She was very ill in the spring, and those German waters she went to this autumn did her no good. In fact, I think she was worse after them—so listless, and at the same time so restless. I quite expected this might happen any moment," said the doctor, speaking with perfect freedom to Sir Reginald's friend, who might be sorry, of course, but could not be expected to care.

Harry was thinking of that evening in September when he and Reggie had gone to fetch her at the station on her return from Germany, and how Reggie had driven off triumphantly with her in the brougham, and he, Harry, had stayed behind to look after the maid and see the luggage through the customs. He remembered now the little thrill that had run through him when they opened the trunk and disclosed the dainty garments within, and how she had laughed, and Reggie had chaffed him about the way he had been treated when he called to see them next





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day. But all that was long ago, before Reggie had had a suspicion—before that friend (some woman, of course)—had written that miserable anonymous letter hinting at a meeting between Felise and a lover abroad. What a double distilled fool he had been to go for that one day to Nauheim on his way back from Baden-Baden, and having gone there, to conceal it from Reggie! Well, it didn't matter much now—Felise was dying.

"Will it be long?" he asked, turning to the doctor. He could not imagine a long illness for Felise, with all the ugly, unæsthetic paraphernalia of the sick room.

"Oh, no—a few hours at most."

A few hours and Felise would no longer be numbered among the living. For a day or two she would lie in her coffin, and then the lovely, wild-rose face, with its cloud of dusky curls, the eyes that were like wet violets in the hedges in March, would be shut away out of sight forever. And Reggie would wear mourning and a hat-band, and Harry Brett would do nothing at all; convention forbade his wearing even a hat-band.

The bedroom door opened, and Sir Reginald's voice calling the doctor was heard. Simultaneously the two men moved toward the door; this time Sir Reginald either did not see or did not care to dispute the entrance of Harry Brett. They stood by the bed—the husband and the lover side by side.

Lady Dunallan was dying fast. The purple eyelids, the swollen lips, the twitching hands testified to the fact. For a moment the heavy lids unclosed, and a word, a name, came sobbing from the parted lips. Sir Reginald, holding the ever-moving hands in his, knelt by her side.

"What did you say, my darling?" he murmured, brokenly.

Again that almost inarticulate sound—and with the lost words on her lips, Lady Dunallan died.

"Sir Reginald begs, sir, that, if possible, you will put off going to-day, and remain with him until after the funeral." This from Sir Reginald's valet, in answer to a

message from Harry Brett as to what his friend's wishes might be on the subject.

And so the two men remained together, united by a common sorrow, divided by a common antagonism. The reason of their difference was no more, and yet both felt that the mainspring of their friendship was broken forever.

"Thank God, at least old Reggie doesn't want me to clear out at once," Harry Brett muttered to himself as he wandered aimlessly about the grounds, looking up at the house with its shrouded windows, and wishing that he dared enter the darkened room where Lady Dunallan was lying. Sir Reginald, the servants, went and came freely, but he was excluded. Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard.

"Somehow I must manage it. It would never do to wrong old Reggie's heart by letting him discover what, after all, was only a bit of nonsense, and really meant nothing. I must get at that locket and take out the photograph before he sees it, if I possibly can." Some months previously Harry Brett had persuaded Lady Dunallan to remove the portrait of her husband from a circlet of diamonds she always wore, and to substitute his own. This miniature Harry was determined to recover if possible—anything rather than add one pang to Reggie's suffering.

The silence of night reigned over Dunallan. Through the darkness came Harry Brett, feeling his way toward the death chamber, his footsteps deadened by the noise and rumble of a storm which lashed the bare boughs of the beeches and howled round the house. He softly turned the handle of the door, and groping his way toward the bed, knelt by the side of the stiffened corpse, feeling gently for the little gold chain he knew so well. As his hand touched the locket, another hand grasped his own, and the voice of Reggie Dunallan, startled suddenly from the deep sleep of exhaustion into which he had fallen, exclaimed:

"Who's there?"

"Reggie! My God!" the two men confronted each other, glaring helplessly through the darkness.

"Reggie, for God's sake, listen to me! Upon my word, I only wanted to spare you, to save you pain. You know I was a fool. I persuaded her, worried her into doing it. She didn't want to."

"Confound you! Say what you have got to say, and have done with it," foamed Sir Reginald.

"I made her take your portrait out of the locket and substitute mine."

"How dared you, you cur?"

"Reggie, listen to me, I implore you."

"Hold your tongue. Let us look at this precious portrait."

"Reggie!"

But Sir Reginald was detaching the locket from the neck of his dead wife. An oval thing, sparkling with diamonds, lay in his hand as he turned on the electric light and a flood of brilliancy illuminated the faces of the two men; between them Felise, with a smile of peace, lay on her bed like a lovely marble flower, the lilies and roses about her head disturbed by the rough hands removing the chain.

Sir Reginald touched a spring and looked at the contents of the locket for a moment. Then, with a short laugh, he held it out to Harry Brett. The young man's fingers closed nervously over it, but he averted his eyes.

"Look at it man! Are you ashamed to look yourself in the face?" cried Sir Reginald, scoffingly.

"I am ashamed—bitterly ashamed," muttered Harry Brett. "Reggie, old man, I swear, I swear, I made her do it."

"Look at the portrait," persisted Sir Reginald, his mouth set in a grim line, his eyes glittering like steel. "Look first, and protest as much as you like afterwards."

Harry Brett opened the locket. His face blanched.

"Who—who is it?" he stammered hoarsely.

"God knows," said Sir Reginald, dryly. "God knows—and Lady Dunallan. So far as I am concerned, he is a perfect stranger."

London Truth.



## CRIME OF THE TAILOR-MADE.

A pessimistic Parisian prophet has declared that the vogue of the tailor-made gown has degraded the art of dressmaking until there is no longer ambition enough left in its high priests to inspire them to noble efforts. The great men of the past, such as Worth, Felix and the first Doucet, in the opinion of this discouraged observer, will find no successors. There is entirely too much of the pervading tailor-made to create artists in the profession. This complaint, coming from a dressmaker, has particular eloquence as it is directed against the men in his own business. For one of the conditions precedent to a successful tailor-made is that it be the handiwork of a man, and usually of one who has had experience in making the clothes of his own sex.

Earlier masters of the craft never had to impart the slightest suggestion of masculinity to the gowns they made. The men dressmakers who began to prosper during the second empire had no thought of the revolution in fashion that would make men the most popular costumers for women, because they would apply to their styles the same methods that had made them successful with men. The Parisian who sees the decline of art in women's dressing to-day attributes this state of affairs as much to the moral influence of the tailor-made as to its present vogue all over the world. It is a cheaper kind of gown than well-dressed women ever wore before, and it has made them economical in their expenditures. It can be worn almost anywhere outside of a ball-room, and women have become indifferent as to the little proprieties of dress which they formerly observed so carefully. Nowadays, they may take their afternoon drive in a tailor-made and in the same attire pay formal calls.

The elaborate costumes for afternoon wear have, therefore, disappeared almost entirely before the triumphant march of this new garment, which is crushing out by its utility all the graces and beauty of dress that used to interest women and inspire the dressmakers to designing gowns that really entitled them to be ranked among the artists of their day. This is less true in some of the European cities than it is in New York. Here and in London the cloth dress is always a tailor-made, whereas in Paris and Vienna the most costly dresses women can wear are embroidered cloths. But this kind of a tailor-made is unknown here.

It is against the more common kind of tailor-made that this French writer directs his attacks. He finds that its influence has also been most democratic. Duchesses and shop-girls look alike now-a-days to a degree they never did before, as the tailor-made can be brought within the reach of almost any purse, whereas the gowns made by the former masters in the profession could not. National differences in women's dress have also disappeared under the leveling influence of the tailor-made, as it is the same in Italy that it is in Austria or England. Well-dressed women would be inclined to dispute the soundness of this part of the attack, for they know the difference in the style of this despised form of dress as it is made in various countries. None of them would be likely to choose a gown made, for instance, in Rome, when they could get one in New York or London. Their opinion of the tailor-made would probably be that for its general style the London article was the best, while here it is brought to greatest

perfection and made with the greatest care and most complete finish.

Women taking the cost of this garment as their standard have everywhere decreased their expenditure in all kinds of dress. Real lace is, for instance, no longer in demand, because the imitation looks well enough and costs so much less. Even the comfort in the thought that a court might once more elevate the ideals of dress in France is denied to the pessimistic observer, because even queens and princesses have succumbed to the baleful influence of the tailor-made. Some of its advantages are grudgingly admitted. Its economy is scarcely to be included among them, for that has accomplished too much evil in other directions to be accounted a merit. It is becoming to good figures, which it shows off to good advantage. But its influence has reduced to half a dozen the number of women in Paris who spend \$20,000 a year on their dressing, and that is crime enough in the eyes of the great dressmakers to put the tailor-made under a ban forever.—*New York Sun.*

## THE ODEON CONCERTS.

The Sunday "pops" (as the Londoners term popular concerts) have already proved an immense success at the Odeon. A twenty-five cent admission to a concert of classic music brings out the class of people who love music for its own sake, and who do not go to exhibit themselves or their garments. Mr. Robyn is to be congratulated on the success referred to. His programmes are well selected, and his own part in them artistic.

## TOO REALISTIC.

An ardent disciple of the symbolic school, who is also an artist of some note in Paris, obtained permission some time ago to paint a picture in the old cemetery of Boulogne, situated along the Sevres road facing Longchamp race-course. The picture was to be symbolical of the Resurrection. As the cemetery is surrounded by high walls, the artist concluded to make himself thoroughly at home, so he brought his models, and, for the purpose of the composition, placed them in appropriate attitudes on a tombstone, as they were to symbolize the rising from the dead. These models were not burdened with clothing. In fact, like Lady Godiva, their only covering was a wealth of golden hair. All would have gone well had not some prying urchins, like Peeping Tom, discovered a tell-tale chink in the wall. It took very little time for a crowd to assemble. The walls of the cemetery were quickly black with spectators, and soon a meddling representative of the law tapped the artist on the shoulder and forthwith arrested both artist and models.

"And I want it to say: 'To my husband,' in an appropriate place," said the widow, in conclusion, to Slab, the gravestone man.

"Yessum," said Slab. And the inscription went on: "To my husband. In an appropriate place."—*Tit Bits.*

"Mrs. O'Bese is getting awfully stout. I've heard of people spoken of as 'round,' but I never saw any person as round as she."

"Oh, I don't know; there's her husband. He's a rounder."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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## A CHINESE POE'S RAVEN.

The shade of Poe, who in his day took satisfaction in imputing plagiarism to several American writers, including Longfellow, might possibly feel uneasy did it know that an English journal professes to find the source of his most famous poem in an ancient Chinese writer named Kai Yi, who lived about 100 B. C. The Chinese poem, in which the reader will observe that the Mongolian bird is more voluble and more given to philosophy than the American, is (according to the *London Outlook*) as follows:

"One day, when the sun was declining, a funiao flew into my room, and, perching in the corner where I was wont to sit, appeared to be quite at home.

"This strange, uncanny thing coming to associate with me, I wondered what might be the reason.

"Opening a book to seek a solution of the mystery, the oracle responded: 'When a wild bird enters a dwelling, it portends the human occupant must go forth.'

"I ventured then to interrogate the bird itself:

"If I am to go forth, pray tell me whither. If to better fortune, announce it to me; if to deeper calamity, make known the worst and shorten my suspense."

"The bird raised its head and flapped its wings; its mouth could not articulate a word, but it heaved a sigh, and I ventured to interpret its meaning:

"All things,' it seemed to say, 'are revolving in a whirlpool of change. They go and return, but their transformations no words can express. Good often springs from ill, and evil lurks in the midst of good. Joy and sorrow meet at the same gate: woe and weal together dwell.'"

"Tell me," said the seeker after knowledge, "wasn't it Shakespeare who said:

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On some people—  
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"The evil that men do, lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones?"

"I don't know," replied the man who had married a widow, "but I'm sure it was never said by a man whose wife insists upon comparing him with her first husband."—*Philadelphia Press.*



SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.  
Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Lawrence and Miss Vera Seigrist have returned home.

Miss Matilda Prufrock has gone to Dresden, where she will spend a year studying music.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Highleyman have returned from Europe where they have been all summer.

Mrs. Robert Ringen has returned from a tour of several months in Europe and a visit to the Paris Exposition.

The Wollstein family has returned from Europe, and will be pleased to see their friends at the Planters' Hotel.

Mrs. John W. Harrison and Miss Harrison have sent out cards for a reception next Monday afternoon from four to six. Miss Mansur's cards are enclosed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McElroy of Kansas City, who have been visiting Mrs. H. D. Pitman of McPherson avenue, left on Monday evening for Kentucky to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Crouch have sent out cards for the debut reception of their daughter, Miss Crouch, next Thursday evening from half-past eight to half-past ten o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Fordyce have recalled the invitations for the wedding reception of their daughter, Miss Jane Fordyce and Captain Stanley whose uncle, Dr. Wright, is lately deceased.

Mrs. Francis Beauregard Aglar and Misses Susan and Ruth Slattery have returned from Harbor Point, Mich., where they spent the summer and are entertaining Miss Mary Slattery of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schlossstein and their granddaughter, Miss Laura Seitz, have returned home from Glenwood Springs, Colorado, where they spent several months. Mrs. Caroline Seitz accompanied them.

Mrs. Arthur Garesche, of Maryland avenue, will give a tea on October 26th, in honor of her pretty young niece, Miss Laura Garesche, who made her bow to society at the V. P. ball. Miss Garesche is a handsome blonde and there are to be a number of functions given in her honor in the near future.

Society folks are now agog over the coming horse show and boxes are being reserved by the fashionables. Many are the magnificent toilettes which will be seen during the week, some of the ultra fashionables having magnificent toilettes for each evening. Among the lady patronesses will be Mesdames G. Lacy Crawford, William Orthwein, C. H. Spencer, John Fowler, H. C. Stifel, C. M. Foster, Festus J. Wade, S. M. Kennard, Leonard Mathews, Goodman King, W. F. Noiker, Zach Tinker, G. H. Walker, E. A. Faust and many others.

The marriage of Mr. Mark Chartrand and Miss Annie McKasson of Grand View, Ind., took place at the home of the bride on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. A. L. Duncan, of the Methodist Church, assisted by Dr. J. M. Lloyd, of the Baptist Church, to which two denominations the bride and groom belong. Miss Lottie Chartrand and Miss Julia Hatfield, of Grand View, attended the bride and Mr. Chartrand was accompanied by Mr. Gus Eigennan, of Rockport, Ind. After a reception the young people departed for St. Louis, where they will be at home to friends at 3410 Chestnut Street.

The recent announcement of the engagement of Miss Odille Fusz to Mr. Thomas Hudson Thatcher, has caused much interest among the friends of the couple. Miss Fusz is the daughter of Mrs. Fusz-Hereford, of 4474 McPherson avenue, and has been a great favorite in society. She is a sister of the Countess De Penaloza at whose wedding she served as bridesmaid. The wedding will probably be one of the events of early January. Mr. Thatcher is a connection of the Mullaaphy family, and has been visiting his mother, Mrs. A. B. Thatcher, of 4180 West Belle.

The engagement of Miss Grace Cunningham and Dr. Robert Edward Wilson, has just been announced to the friends of the families of the young couple. Miss Cunningham is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Cunningham, of 4152 West Pine Boulevard, and her sister, Miss Katharine Cunningham, is well known in society. They entertain a great deal, and their gatherings are noted for having original features. Miss Cunningham is an artist of no mean ability, besides being exceedingly pretty. She has studied abroad, for some time, and is also an accomplished musician. The wedding will be one of the events of November.

The celebration of the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Joy took place on Monday evening at their home, at 5629 Cates

avenue. A number of relatives and intimate friends gathered to offer their good wishes and respond to toasts which were drunk from a large gold loving-cup, filled with champagne, which was constantly kept passing among the circle of friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon Hill and Miss Emily Hill of Memphis, Tenn., and Captain W. H. Moore of the same place. Mrs. Whittaker of Cincinnati was also present with her family. Owing to recent family bereavements the number of guests was greatly restricted and only a few intimate friends outside of the family circle were present. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Joy and their children, and Mr. and Mrs. Alvan B. Goodbar were among the guests, each of whom received a large slice from a mammoth cake of gold and white to dream upon.

Miss Julia A. Thayer Aldrich, and Mr. Robert Thomson Williams were married on Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock, at St. Peter's Episcopal church, Rev. Dr. Short officiating. The church was brilliantly illuminated and decorated with palms and ferns, and at the appointed hour the bridal party entered. The two groomsmen, Mr. Frank Williams and Mr. Vincent Waddock, came first, followed by the bridesmaids singly, Misses May Summer-ville, Norah Barrroughs, of Edwarsville, Ill.; Anne Sullivan, of Jefferson City; and Anna Doneyhy, who served as maid of honor. The bride came last with her father, Mr. C. Aldrich. She was gowned in white satin, en traine, trimmed with chiffon and pearl embroidery. The bodice was low and sleeveless and filled in with a transparent yoke and demi sleeves of chiffon thickly sewn with pearls. The tulle veil was worn with a chaplet of swansonia and a bouquet of the same flowers was carried. The maid of honor wore a creation of American Beauty pink mousseline de soie over taffeta silk, the skirt en traine and trimmed with chiffon plisses. The bodice was low, with demisleeves cut in points revealing the arm. She carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses, one of which was worn in the coiffure. The other maids wore toilettes exactly similar to that of the maid of honor, with the exception that they were of gradually decreasing tones of the same color, so that the last one was of a delicate shell pink. They carried roses of the tone of their gowns, and wore one in the coiffure. The gentlemen wore boutonnières to correspond. Each bridesmaid also wore the gift of the bride, a slender gold crescent coiffure pin. The groomsmen had scarf pins to match. A small reception was held after the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents, at 510 Whittier street, where the decorations were all white and pink. The bride and groom have departed for a honeymoon tour, and upon their return will reside at 510 Whittier street, where they will be at home to friends on the 16th and 23d of November.

The marriage of Miss Adele Prosser and Mr. Randolph De Witt Talmage, took place on Wednesday evening, at six o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Prosser of 3901 Westminster Place. Rev. Dr. John Cannon officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Elizabeth Warner as maid of honor and Miss Maude Baker as bridesmaid, Miss Elizabeth Rooke of Charleston, West Va., who was to have been one of the attendants, was taken suddenly ill with typhoid fever and was unable to attend. Miss Prosser wore a lovely gown of white Duchesse satin, en traine, opening down the front over a petticoat of accordeon-plaited chiffon. The bodice was low and filled in with a guimp of underlined chiffon and the sleeves opened over accordeon-plaited undersleeves. The long tulle veil was held in place with a handsome pin of diamonds and pearls, the gift of the groom, and she carried a bouquet of white roses. The maid of honor wore white satin veiled in Renaissance lace, with a low bodice with demisleeves. She carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Miss Baker wore pale pink peau de soie, veiled in white Paris muslin trimmed in lace and soft plisses. The bodice was made with an unlined yoke and sleeves and she carried a bouquet of pink chrysanthemums. After the ceremony there was a small reception for the relatives and intimate friends of the young couple. The house was decorated with pink and white chrysanthemums and a canopy of these flowers and ferns was arranged in the front drawing room for the bridal party. Mr. Wallace Delafield attended the groom as best man and Mr. Ashley D. Scott as groomsmen. Mr. Scott Talmage, who was to have been his brother's best man, was unable to serve owing to an accident. Mrs. A. J. Prosser, the mother of the bride, wore an imported gown of pale lilac crepe de chine, en traine, made in the prevailing mode and trimmed with a profusion

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of Duchesse lace and plisses. An aigrette of lilac marabout plumes was worn in the coiffure. Mrs. A. A. Talmage, of New York, the groom's mother, wore a toilette from Felix, of black and white, elaborately trimmed in Flemish lace and chiffon, with a touch of pale blue panne. A Marabout aigrette was worn in the coiffure. Mr. and Mrs. Talmage left the same evening for an Eastern bridal tour after which they will be at home to friends at 118 West 82d street, New York, after November 1st. Miss Prosser gave her attendants chain bracelets of gold, and the groom presented scarf-pins to his groomsmen. Mr. Delafield and Mr. Scott gave a stag dinner to the groom on Monday evening, at the St. Louis Club. And Miss Baker entertained the bridal party with a luncheon on Tuesday, at her home 4205 Washington avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Nugent, of 3701 Westminster place, entertained a large number of friends on Tuesday evening in honor of the Right Reverend Monsignor Nugent. Their spacious home was all thrown open and lavishly decorated for the occasion. The big gallery was partitioned off with gorgeous oriental draperies, to form on one side a smoking room and on the other a conservatory. The smoking room contained a buffet, upon which was spread all manner of masculine refreshments, and boxes of fine cigars. The draperies were all of the magnificent embroidered Persian, Bagdad and Indian weaves, which were brought home by Mr. and Mrs. Nugent upon their return from their tour of the world. Mammoth Japanese lanterns were used to form the illumination, and instead of candles they contained electric lights. Mr. and Mrs. Nugent and Monsignor received their guests at the door of the drawing room, assisted by Mrs. T. S. Casey, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nugent and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Parish. The decorations of this room were unique, and exquisite, a feature being a French basket of Duchesse of Albany roses, arranged as only the French can do. This stood upon an ebony table, inlaid with silver. In the library were Misses Ella Daughaday, and Elsie Ford, who served frappe. The decorations here were also of a profusion of Duchesse of Albany roses. In the conservatory stood a temple lantern, three hundred years old, which shed its soft light amid the perfume-laden air. Mrs. Nugent wore a Paris gown of white satin, en traine, veiled in white net. The bottom of the skirt was trimmed with scallops of shirred white satin ribbon edged with lavender. The entire net overdress, was appliqued with flowers resembling the Idelweiss, which were outlined in oval gold sequins. A soft sash of lavender mull outlined the waist, and was knotted at the side. The bodice was low, transparent sleeves, and around the neck was worn a chain of pearls with a superb diamond and turquoise pendant. A diamond spray ornament was worn in the coiffure. Mrs. Casey wore black silk trimmed in gold, and white chiffon and fastened in front of the corsage with an amethyst and pearl pin. Monsignor in his simple black soutane made a striking contrast to the magnificently gowned ladies, as did the number of black soutanes of the prelates attending. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Theophile Papin, Julius Fry, Hamilton Daughady, Alex. Euston, Amadee

Reyburn, Charles Claflin Allen, Amadee Cole, Byron Nugent, James Nugent, F. C. Lake, A. B. Goodbar, Lindell Gordon, Sam Gordon, John McNair, Lilburn McNair, B. F. Hobart, James Robinson, Huntington Smith, D. D. Walker, Duncan Mellier, John A. Ockerson, Conde Pallen, Governor and Mrs. Francis, Professor and Mrs. Halsey C. Ives, Judge and Mrs. Vastine Withrow, Cyrus P. Walbridge, McKiegan, Smith P. Galt, Mesdames H. L. D. Morrison, M. F. Scallan, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Walsh, Frank O'Fallon, T. A. Meysenburg, R. C. Kerens, Edwin Harrison, John W. Harrison. Among the ministers and priests present were Rev. Dr. Holland, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Patton, Dr. and Mrs. Luccock, Fathers Grimmelsman, S. J., Bronsgeist, S. J., Sullivan, S. J., Powers, O'Reilly, Gilfillan, Ziegler and Tobin.

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The Chinese minister had just been to see the Secretary of State. "What was the result of the conference between Mr. Wu and Mr. Hay?" asked a gentleman. "The general uncertainty of Chinese news makes it difficult to say," was the answer; "I have not yet ascertained whether Mr. Hay got woozier or whether Mr. Wu got hazier."—*Washington Star*.

See the beautiful new Vienna golden cut glass, suitable for wedding gifts and euchre prizes at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club building, Locust and Seventh streets.

The dominant sex: He—"You haven't the brains of a goose." She—"Have you?"—*Indianapolis Press*.

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## WORLD OF WOMAN.

The coming tints for fall and winter are wood and castor browns, rich tans with a touch of a brownish cast, soft, medium and light grays, navy blue of a bright shade, dull old rose, cream, ivory white, turquoise, vivid and pale pink, pinkish lavender, clear violet—but not bluish violet. These will be the fashionable colors this season. Black fabrics will be modish and popular, and combined with white will be much in evidence this autumn. The very light pastel tints will form demi-evening and visiting gowns, and in panne and cut velvet these tones will prove exquisite for accessories and trimmings. The general effect in materials this autumn will be light for smooth goods and medium for the rough fabrics. Everything points to a season of cloth again for dressy suits and entire gowns intended for elaborate occasions where a silk one would formerly have been seen.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

"In all the previous fairs of all countries there never was such a show of corsets as there is at the corset section, placed next to the gowns, in the Paris Exposition," says the Paris correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle. "This is because there is a revolution in corsets. They are now all made straight up and down in front, sending the curves on the hips and in the back; and each exhibitor makes a point of accentuating that particular cut more than his neighbor. In one show-case there is the picture of one fleshy woman with the old-fashioned corset curved in the front and a portrait of one with the new pattern. The last does look better because she looks more at her ease. Fleshy women were in tortures when tightly laced in an old corset. Now they can smile even after a big dinner, and as all women are now straight up and down up to the hips they do not mind having no shape where there ought to be shape. As for the corsets of the slender women, they design a straight line on all sides, up and down, down and up. It is the style to conceal all femininity with corsets, and, strange to say, when a woman is well gowned the style is graceful, for it gives a serpentine look to the woman. Not long since an American woman said to me at the opera: 'It is astonishing how a woman will shape her physique to suit the fashions. When I was in Paris some ten years ago, half of the French women were fleshy; now you can hardly perceive one in all these boxes. They must have done something to make themselves slender. I understand that fashions change, but I do not understand that the body changes to suit the fashions.' 'Where there is a will there is a way,' said I; 'women abstain from drinking during their meals, and they have themselves massaged every day. They consult their doctors as to what they should refrain from eating so as to get or remain thin. I do not think any take internal medicines, because the French woman is too fond of her health, and it is not the fashion to look sickly.' "

A London tradesman has been coining money lately shipping to the continent for sale in various capitals, small bottles of perfume, on the labels of which it was stated that the contents was the same as that

manufactured for Her Majesty Queen Victoria. This little game is now stopped, but it would not have had so much success had people been more familiar with the Queen's tastes, and know that she never employs a drop of elaborate odors, but is content with a very simple preparation which she has used all her life. It consists of the very best lavender water, in which is placed a vanilla bean. Large quantities of this are manufactured for her every year. Her eldest daughter, former Empress Frederick, cannot tolerate any odor but that of cologne water, of which she uses large quantities, one quart being employed in her morning bath alone.

The John Gross, of Chicago, now suing Rostand and Coquelin and Mansfield and everybody else in the smallest way identified with the play "Cyrano de Bergerac," upon the score of plagiarism, has another distinction. Besides being the author of "The Merchant Prince of Corneville," from which he says Rostand drew his entire inspiration for "Cyrano," Mr. Gross is the husband of Mrs. Gross, who, if not one of the best-known clubwomen in the country, cannot consider it her own fault that she is not. Mrs. Essie Gross is her full title as it appears upon programmes and rosters and ballots. She belongs to all the Chicago societies worth belonging to, and she has made her influence felt among many of the national organizations. London's International Council of Women, a year ago, found Mrs. Essie Gross hobnobbing with such women as the Countess of Aberdeen, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Battersea, and others of like importance, whose titles have escaped us. Mrs. Gross is head and front of the Western women suffragists, and prides herself upon her intimacy with Miss Susan B. Anthony. A woman sculptor has recently finished a portrait group in marble of Mrs. Gross and Miss Anthony. In this, Miss Anthony appears, as is her wont, in a plain, high-necked bodice, with a little shawl draped about her shoulders. She is seated. Mrs. Essie Gross is represented by the marble in full evening dress, her bared throat and shoulders covered with jewels, plumes in her hair and long evening gloves on her arms. Mrs. Gross is standing, one arm being thrown about Miss Anthony, in a patronizing way not to be mistaken. This group is at once a curiosity and a revelation. Like Madam Rostand, Mrs. Gross, we understand, assumes to have been her husband's sole inspiration in his great work from which "Cyrano" is plagiarized.

Sorosis last spring suffered a partial change of heart. Tired to death of blushing unseen in the way she has been obliged to blush ever since she made up her mind to go unreported by the daily press, she held a special meeting in June for the consideration of whether or no such a dreary unadvertised state of things should continue this season. To a woman, the club longed to let its bonnets once more shine before men; to the extent of a minority only were the members willing to come right out in meeting and say so. When the final vote was taken the motion to readmit reporters was lost by a majority of three. For the coming season, therefore, the Sorosisers will continue to waste their sweetness, bonnets and

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all, upon the desert air—and all for the fault of three votes. Among those who voted to admit reporters were the Rev. Phoebe Hanaford, of "Sapho" fame, and Mrs. Theodore Sutro, chairman of all the music committees in all the women's clubs that Mrs. Jacob Hess isn't chairman of.

## BEETHOVEN CONSERVATORY.

The Beethoven Conservatory of Music, which occupies its own handsome building at Twenty-third and Locust streets, commenced its twenty-ninth season recently with large classes of students. These include many young persons from other places as well as St. Louisians. Mr. Ethan Allen Taussig, the new teacher of singing, has a wide reputation as an opera singer and those who seek training in dramatic singing will, no doubt, be glad to avail themselves of the services of this talented professor of the art. Messrs. Waldauer and Epstein, the directors, have a full staff of competent teachers and spare no effort to keep up the excellent reputation this Conservatory has gained in musical circles.

## "ASHES TO ASHES."

I would not vex thy quiet sleep  
Nor hurt thee with my tears,  
Who liest silent through the sweep  
Of downward rushing years.

The stillness wraps thee well around,  
And massive halls of Death  
Enclose thee where there breaks no sound,  
Of downward rushing years.

O, brother of the shadows drear,  
Brave aspirant to light,  
No yearning, quivering zeal shall bear  
Thy thoughtless, dreamless night.

Thy wounds all covered in with earth  
Thy heart sealed up in mold,  
Thy fitful, fitting day of death  
Is pitifully told.

I would not vex thy quiet sleep,  
Through downward rushing years;  
Yet for my loneliness here, I weep,  
And for my tears, shed tears.

Clarence Wellford, in East and West.

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IO VICTIS.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life—  
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died, o'erwhelmed in the strife;  
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim  
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame;  
But the hymn of the lowly and humble, the weary, the broken in heart,  
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part.  
Whose youth had no flower in its branches, whose hope turned in ashes away;  
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at; who stood at the dying of day  
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone;  
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.  
While the voice of the world shouts its choruses, its psalm for those who have won;  
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun  
Gay banners are waving, hand clapping, and hurrying feet  
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat.

In the shadow, 'mongst those who had fallen and wounded and dying, and there  
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their knotted brows, breathe a prayer;  
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win  
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;  
Who have held on their faith, unswayed by the prize that the world holds so high;  
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be to die."  
Speak, History! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annal, and say.  
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day?  
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,  
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?

William Wetmore Story.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Tears, idle-tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the under-world,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by ho, eless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
Oh, death in life! the days that are no more.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE RIVER TIME.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the River Time  
As it runs through the realm of tears,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,  
As it blends with the ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,  
And the summers, like buds between,  
And the year in, the sheaf—so they come and they go,  
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,  
And it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing;  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the junes with the roses are staying.

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And the name of the isle is Long Ago,  
And we bury our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow;  
They are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!  
There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,  
And a part of an infant's prayer;  
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;  
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,  
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore  
By the mirage is lifted in air;  
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,  
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,  
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,  
All the day of our life till night;  
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,

And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,  
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!  
Benjamin F. Taylor.

"I VEX ME NOT."

I vex me not with brooding on the years  
That were ere I drew breath: why should I then  
Distrust the darkness that may fall again  
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—  
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,  
And waked as now among a throng of men,  
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,  
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.  
Ofttimes indeed strange sense have I of this,  
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,  
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,  
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!

In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well?  
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!  
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

GOLFIAN AMENITIES.

In the course of a game of golf at Raleigh, one of the players directed his caddie to drive away some lambs which were in the line of fire, and when this had been done he played his stroke in comfort. His surprise was great when his adversary promptly claimed the hole, on the ground that the lambs were "growing," and according to the rule that "before striking the ball the player shall not move, bend, or break anything fixed or growing near the ball," the penalty for removing anything growing was the loss of the hole. An old hand might easily smile at this claim, but it might disconcert a younger player and prove sufficient to win more than one hole by putting him "off his game." Such an instance actually occurred once in the East Lothian Country Cup competition (says the *Scotsman*), when a young North Berwick player, who had innocently removed a growing worm from the line of his put, was accused by an elderly opponent of breaking this rule. The thing was done in jest, but the blush of the youth and the erratic nature of his play for some time after showed that the joke had quite unintentionally done mischief.

Artistic Cut Glass—Mermod & Jaccard's.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW."

It requires considerable courage on the part of a playwright to select the battered, weather-beaten mother-in-law as a theme from which to construct his play. It requires, even in a greater degree, cleverness on the part of this playwright to work over this theme in a manner to give his work a semblance of freshness and spontaneity if not of originality. Both these needful qualities are evidently in the possession of the Messrs. Carre and Bilhaud, for in their farce presented for the first time in St. Louis at the Olympic Theatre, Monday evening, the mother-in-law is the theme, and its elaboration has resulted in a work of more than ordinary power as an entertainer. "My Daughter-in-law," as the farce is called, is immensely amusing, notwithstanding the lack of newness of the material from which it is built. This latest mother-in-law reveals no especially novel traits in her method of making life miserable for her daughter-in-law and her son, the characters or rather caricatures, which surround her are all more or less familiar, but they are cleverly handled, and fulfill their mission, which is to amuse. In fact, so amusing were the mother-in-law and her associates, that the audience on Monday was continuously kept in a state of merriment. However, this was also largely due to the capital playing of the farce by Miss Shannon, Mr. Kelcey, and their assistants.

Miss Shannon has emerged from the heavy, musty atmosphere of "mothy" melodrama untainted. As the daughter-in-law in the new farce, as in everything she does, she is the personification of good taste. There is something deliciously refined about her, even when she "cuts loose," as she does several times in this piece. In her most spirited moments of mirth and of rage she is never boisterous, and always remains the lady. And then she is so pretty, so very pretty in such a soft, delicate way, and she has such a bewitching inflection in her voice that one would be compelled to admire her even were she a less accomplished artist than she is.

Mr. Kelcey has not been as fortunate as has been Miss Shannon in escaping unharmed from the bathos and fustian of "The Moth and the Flame." He seemed not as easily natural as of yore and his voice sounds squeezed, as though the moths had played havoc with his vocal chords. Mr. Kelcey, though, has a strong personality and is an agreeable actor, and when the memory of his late work becomes dimmed, he will seem more like his old self. Mrs. Waldron was excellent as the mother-in-law, and her work was ably seconded by Verner Clarges as her husband, William Elton as a dyspeptic alderman, William Boag as a simple secretary, William Evans and George Pearce, as a blind art critic and a deaf music critic, respectively. Winona Shannon played the part of a prying maid effectively and Ethel Sanborn looked well as a Russian countess.

## IMPERIAL COMPANY IN COMEDY.

To say that the mantle of Nat Goodwin has fallen on the shoulders of E. J. Ratcliffe in his assumption of the role of *Chauncy Short* in "A Gilded Fool" might be deemed too great a compliment to Mr. Ratcliffe and at the same time it would be doing him an injustice—paradoxical as this may sound.

Ratcliffe lacks the lightness, the droll-

ness, the deftness of Goodwin's gilded fool, but as this same gilded fool is at best an improbable person, and is made more improbable by the pervading glibness of the Goodwin personality, the suspicion of heaviness and angularity in Ratcliffe's *Chauncy Short* makes him far more plausible and consistent.

Ratcliffe—while comparison is in order—does not possess Goodwin's inexpressible charm and magnetism, but personality is not art, and Ratcliffe is a better artist than the original *Chauncy*. Goodwin always plays Mr. Goodwin, Ratcliffe is playing the "Gilded Fool" this week, and playing him vividly, lustily, convincingly. Last week he portrayed with equal sincerity *John Rutherford*, a dignified figure in social and political life, while the week before he sank his identity in that of the melodramatic Indian, *Prince Kassim*.

However, Ratcliffe is not the only member of the cast worth commending; the entire company gives a good account of itself in this attractive bill. Maude Odell as *Margaret Ruthven* demeans herself with gentle dignity, speaks in dulcet tones and looks handsome, though she makes the young woman somewhat inconsistent as she rebukes *Chauncy* for an untimely display of jewelry, while she, without apologies, wears a *decolette* gown in a day scene, taking as a precedent, no doubt, *Helen Rutherford* in "The Wife," who last week showed a penchant for evening gowns at all hours of the day.

Grayce Scott and the other members of the company are well cast, especially Jennings as the preacher-detective, and the play is elaborately and beautifully mounted, in accordance with the Giffen methods.

The Lounge.

## COMING ATTRACTIONS.

At the Century, beginning next Monday, there will be a week of operatic mirth, "A Royal Rogue" being the theme, with the inimitable "Jeff" De Angelis in the leading part. This new musical burlesque was written by Mr. Charles Klein, author of "El Capitán" "El Charlatan," etc., for Mr. De Angelis, while the music, which is said to be bright and "catchy," is by William T. Francis. Miss Jessie Mackaye, a petite comedienne, who made a great hit in London last year, is one of the pretty women in the company, which includes many clever men.

Commencing Monday evening next, Oct. 22, the new novel-drama, "Janice Meredith," will be presented at the Olympic. The title role is in the hands of Miss Mary Mannering, who has achieved much success, although this is her initial starring season. She is supported by a very good company, and it is claimed that the play is splendidly mounted.

"The Twentieth Century Maids" are, to use a quip, quite up to the high-water mark of the Standard and have danced and sung and frolicked their way into the hearts of overflowing audiences. They remain the attraction until the matinee of Sunday, October 21, when the famous "City Club Company," a coterie of dazzling stars of the vaudeville arcana, will once more bring tears of laughter to the eyes of thousands of old and young admirers.

"The Dancing Girl," famous as one of the great plays of Beerbohm Tree and E. K. Sothorn, is to be the worthy successor of "The Gilded Fool" at the Imperial. The Stock Company, under the management of Mr. R. L. Giffen, has evinced its ability to successfully present plays of the highest grade and is attracting crowded houses.

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## THE HORSE SHOW.

Now that the St. Louis Horse Show has become an institution of as great importance as the V. P. Ball, for instance, its annual recurrence is looked forward to with absorbing interest. It is not only the sleek-coated horses, but likewise their owners who make up the attractions of the Horse Show. The handsome women of St. Louis' smart set, arrayed in all the bravery of the most stylish gowns, to say nothing of the gentlemen who drive them are essential features of the Feast of the Hippophiles. This will be celebrated in the arena of the Coliseum from October 29 to November 3, and the management promise shall be the best Horse Show ever given in this city.

## NUTRITIVE VALUE OF FAT FOOD.

Dr. Bell says that fat as an article of diet furnishes the potential force necessary for the conversion of other food material into organic tissue and to maintain the bodily functions. Prof. W. O. Atwater, in one of his most recent contributions on the nutritive value of foods, in comparing nutrients in respect to their fuel values, their capacities for yielding heat and mechanical power, states that "one pound of protein, lean meat or albumen of egg is just about equivalent to a pound of sugar or starch, and a little over two pounds of the fat of meat or butter. The mistake commonly made with reference to the use of fat food is that it is only or especially applicable in cold climates, an erroneous inference, the same as that cold is preventive of consumption. That fat is the almost exclusive food in Arctic regions is because other food is not obtainable, not because of the frigid climate. It is necessary food, though not in such excess at all times and everywhere, to supply the potential energy required by the organism to construct the tissues and maintain the body, the temperature of the body being about the same in all climates. Fat does not stand alone in this regard except under such extraordinary circumstances as those referred to. Carbohydrates of various kinds contribute to the same functions as fat under ordinary conditions, but they do not suffice to maintain the stamina of the organism to the highest degree anywhere without the assistance of or being supplemented by some kind of fat.—The Sanitarian.

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After vainly trying to make his pipe draw he threw it on the floor and stamped on it.

"Why, John Henry what are you doing?" she cried.

"That's all right," he growled; "that's just my nature. With anything that's mine I'm patient up to a certain point, and then if it doesn't suit me I just smash it. See? I smash it good and plenty, so as not to be annoyed any more."

"Dear me!" she returned satirically, "what a terrible thing it would be if I shouldn't suit you some time."—Chicago Post.

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## PUNJABI BALLADS.

"Tell me, Mistress, who will marry you, Mistress, marry you?"  
"Khaka, my lady, he will marry me, lady, marry me."

He has two yoke of oxen, sturdy to hoe,  
And four for the well-wheel; his land lies low,  
And the scent of his locks mocks the roses that grow  
In the garden of Persia. Khaka will marry me, lady, marry me."

"When death comes, Mistress, who will carry you, Mistress, carry you?"  
"My sons, if Allah is gracious, they will carry me, lady, carry me."

One at my feet and one at my head;  
If Allah gives children, there's peace for the dead,  
For the lights will be lit, and the prayers will be said.  
God pity the soulless. My sons will carry me, lady, carry me."

We came: The dust-storm brought us: who knows where the dust was born?  
Behind the curtains of heaven and the courts of the silver morn  
We go where the dust-storm whirls us, loose leaves blown one by one  
Through the light toward the shadows of evening down the tracks of the sloping sun.  
We are blown of the dust that is many and we rest in the dust that is one.

We have pitched our tents, we feast and we play on the shifting sands of life;  
We are drunk all day with the things of this world, with laughter, and love and strife.  
Friends come and friends go, but Death's sentry waits, and the last long march must be done,  
For the camel-bells tinkle, the load must be strapped, and we fare forth friendless alone  
Out into the Western darkness that shrouds the last rays of the sun.

Mullani in the London Spectator.

## MENS' FASHIONS.

Apparently to "wear diamonds" ought not to be regarded any longer as a sign of prosperity. In fact, you are supposed to put your lights under a bushel in this direction. Austerity is a characteristic of the period. If you would pass for one of the elect you must abstain from decking yourself in the wares of the jeweler. Listen to the solemn warning of an expert. The London correspondent of the *Haberdasher*, speaking *ex cathedra*, says: "A word as to jewelry. Broadly speaking, it may be said that jewelry of any kind is unnecessary for the well-dressed man. To appear glittering with precious stones at any social or public function is, of course, to be set down as exhibiting the extremity of bad taste and 'boulderism.' But even the quieter displays of jewelry are comparatively few and far between in London's best circles. Diamond studs and dazzling rings have practically disappeared from the persons of smart men. Scarf rings are as extinct as the dodo. Even watch chains are neglected. The latter, if worn at all, are of the plain, neat gold variety, small almost as the old gold neck-chains of our grandparents, and stretched from the waist-coat buttonhole to both pockets. They are equally smart and correct, however, if composed of black, watered silk with a few gold mounts. A plain signet ring may be worn on the third or fourth finger in the evening; never in the morning. White enamel studs are the correct thing for dress shirts, or plain gold ones may be worn, but take care they don't suggest paper-fasteners. The safety-pin affair for the cravat has gone out, and the only scarf pin now permissible is one with a plain pearl or gold knob. You may wear gold eye-glasses, but not a gold eyeglass. The latter must be plain with a fine black cord attached. On the other hand, you may carry

gold and silver to the tune of hundreds of dollars in the shape of cigarette cases and match-boxes. Such are the fine distinctions of smart society." Picture it, think of it, well-dressed man! To be quite safe, it would be well to discard that "plain signet ring" when you retire to rest. Perhaps, however, it would go all right with a suit of old-gold pajamas. But this is only a guess. And the subject is so serious that it is well not to risk guesses. We fear it will be a great privation to some. No more jewelled match boxes, or cigar cutters! No longer can the individual transform himself into a peripatetic jewelry case.

## "THE ART REVIEW."

A monthly journal, under the above title, has made its appearance. It has for its *raison d'être* the interests of the art dealer and picture framer. The articles are principally letters from New York, Chicago and London. No doubt art conditions in St. Louis will be the theme for subsequent issues. The catalogue of new pictures, giving the names of engraver, painter, publisher, size and price, strikes one as being perhaps the most valuable feature of the publication. The illustrations are half-tone cuts of engravings on a greatly reduced scale. Some of them, however, come out very clearly. Mr. Justin M. Noonan, the editor, seems to have done his work well, and the MIRROR hopes he may find his new profession pleasant and profitable.

## GOOD AND BAD MICROBES.

Sterilize, sterilize, would appear to be the teaching of bacteriology in regard to what we breathe, what we eat and what we drink. But it is a moot question whether in the main life is best preserved by killing, on all sides, the ubiquitous microbe. Certain it is that some foods lose their important dietetic properties on being sterilized, and we have yet to learn whether there are not microbes in the air playing a role in the process of digestion? Some illustration of the unsatisfactory state of our knowledge of these important questions was given in the first and third sections at the recent meeting of the tenth international congress of hygiene and demography, in Paris.

To quote a single example, engineers on the one hand, during the discussion of certain papers on the question, Should all drinking water be sterilized? rose and challenged the bacteriologists to say once and for all whether or not all bacteria were injurious. The conflicting opinions contained in the answers of the different bacteriologists left the interrogators in doubt, but certainly justified their question. One speaker put the position very pertinently when he reminded his audience that, when Simon de Montfort, during the crusades, had captured a town, and was asked the question as to what should be done, as all the inhabitants were not heretics, but some of them good Christians, he replied: "Massacre them all and God will recognize His own." In the present state of our knowledge this seems exactly to define our attitude in regard to the treatment of organic life existing in air, food and water.

The fact that micro-organisms are being employed now with great profit in many industrial pursuits, and more important still in the satisfactory disposal of offensive human excreta, only adds perplexity to the question how far sterilization can safely go. Doubtless it will be shown that in order to prevent disease set up by organisms we must pick

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out a means of killing only that species which is pathogenic. Failing this, we are probably safest in adopting the plan of Simon de Montfort. We burn the wheat as well as the tares because it must be confessed for the present that we know no better; we can not exactly differentiate the good from the bad.—*London Lancet*.

Johnny's current history: The teacher asked the scholars to write a sentence in which the word "chaste" was used. Johnny Wise, who keeps posted on current events, wrote: "Aguinaldo is the most chaste man there is."—*Baltimore American*.

Fine diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

One day, before the late Lord Russell was elevated to the bench, he was sitting in court, when another barrister, leaning across the benches during the hearing of a trial for bigamy, whispered: "Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two mothers-in-law" instantly replied Russell.

W. S. Gilbert, meeting the editor of *Punch* one day, remarked as he was leaving him: "By the by, Burnand, I suppose a great number of funny stories are sent into your office?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Burnand, "thousands." Then, my dear fellow, why don't you publish them?" replied Mr. Gilbert, as he put out his hand to say good-by.



## THE STOCK MARKET.

The bear forces, which have held away in the stock market for such a long time, were most ignominiously routed in the last few days. They had become too confident and too enthusiastic; they had sold too much at bottom prices, and it was, therefore, an easy matter for their antagonists to engineer an agonizing twist, that resulted in a good many depleted bank accounts. The stock letters which appeared in the MIRROR in the past three weeks contained plain warnings, and intimated the lurking dangers that confronted the bears. When too many stocks have been sold by people who did not own them, a flurry cannot be avoided, no matter what surrounding conditions are. The successful operator in Wall street is always paying close attention to the technical position of the market. For some weeks past, it could be noticed that pools and cliques were accumulating stocks, and using every artful trick to induce the unwary to sell for short account. A few manipulated stocks were selected and depressed a few points, so as to increase bearish sentiment and to influence the public to hold aloof. The sharp breaks in Peoples Gas, Northern Pacific and a few other issues of this kind were part of the programme that has been mapped out by the powers that be.

Close observers could not be deceived. The movements of the list suggested the strong probability of a coming rise, in anticipation of Republican triumph. In true Wall street fashion, the discounting process began, when everything had a discouraging aspect. The aggressive tactics and overconfidence of the bears proved the needful water on the mills of the opposition. The gradual rise in money markets received little attention in influential quarters, because gold imports had been arranged for. Among the public, the impression prevailed that there would be a sharp slump before election day, and that purchases should be deferred. As usual, the public got fooled. When all the plans had been well laid, announcements of gold imports, rumors of a settlement of the Chicago gas war and the coal strike, and intimations of large buying for the account of prominent capitalistic interests, started the ball rolling. Uneasiness among the bears was growing apace, and one after another found himself compelled to cover his short lines. The driving in of the short interest was, unquestionably, the principal cause of the rapid rise in some leading stocks. After an improvement of from 4 to 5 points had been registered, the public, true to its well-known principles, began to buy, and thus facilitated the efforts of the bull manipulators.

The leading features of strength, in the railroad list, were Pennsylvania, Burlington, St. Paul, Missouri Pacific, Union Pacific, Baltimore & Ohio, Big Four common, Southern Ry. preferred and Northern Pacific. Northern Pacific common, which sold at 45 $\frac{3}{4}$  only ten days ago, has risen to 52 and Burlington to 127 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Pennsylvania developed unusual activity and strength, on rumors of an increased dividend, and touched 133 $\frac{1}{4}$ , which compares with 124 $\frac{1}{2}$  about three weeks ago. Union Pacific, a popular favorite, justified the confidence of its holders by rising to 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ , while Missouri Pacific, in which the short interest had become unwieldy, advanced to 53 $\frac{3}{4}$ , the highest price touched since the early part of last August.

Talk of a settlement of the anthracite coal

strike resulted in moderate rallies in Reading first preferred, Jersey Central and Norfolk & Western common. Up to this writing, no complete settlement of the strike has been arrived at, but there is reason to believe that the miners will accept the terms offered by the operators. With the removal of this incubus, anthracite coal stocks should advance from 3 to 6 points, and purchases should be made at every little set-back from now on. Reading first preferred and Norfolk & Western common will probably be the most attractive purchases. So far as the high-priced coal stocks are concerned, the public will be wise in leaving them alone. They are high enough for all practical purposes.

The gyrations in the price of People's Gas attracted considerable attention. Last week the stock sold at 81 $\frac{3}{8}$ , the lowest price since 1897, and the selling pressure for both accounts was very heavy for some days. Without warning, the stock suddenly developed unusual strength and activity, advancing to 92 $\frac{1}{8}$ , and this in spite of emphatic declarations on the part of officials of the rival gas companies in Chicago that no truce had as yet been patched up. According to Wall Street gossip, the gas war is a thing of the past. Nothing reliable is obtainable, and it is hard to say what the immediate course of the stock will be. People's Gas is one of the most notoriously manipulated stocks on the list. It is as treacherous as Sugar or American Tobacco. Although it is still presumed to be on a 6 per cent basis, conservative investors will or should not touch it. In view of its scandalous record in the past, the stock is high at 75.

Missouri Pacific enjoyed quite a little boom, gaining four points on heavy buying. This stock, while still a non-dividend-payer, has considerable intrinsic merit. The earnings of the property are steadily and largely increasing, and there can be no doubt that at least 5 per cent is now being earned on it. Dividend-payments cannot be much longer deferred. The present management of the Missouri Pacific system is conservative and intent upon putting the property in a strong and healthy physical and financial condition. The crops in the territory of the company have been splendid, and the future, so far as earnings are concerned, looks very bright.

The Bank of England has been compelled to part with almost \$10,000,000 in the past week, and further withdrawals for shipment to the United States are being contemplated. The efflux of the yellow metal cannot be expected to induce a cherry feeling in European markets. It is likely that the discount rate of the Bank of England will be raised to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  or 5 per cent in the near future. Owing to the gold imports, the uneasiness

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## CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	111 -113
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	111 -113
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	108 -104
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec. 1, 1909	102 -103
" 3 1/2	J. J.	July 1, 1911	112 -113
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 3 1/2	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" St. L. 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	105 -106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about.....\$18,856,277  
Assessment.....\$352,521,650

## ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	105 -107
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4	A. O.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

## MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	101 -103
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	97 -100
Consolidated Coal 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 -95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mtg	1928	95 -99
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	107 -108
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1929	115 -116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 -115
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	115 -118
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s	1927	89 -90
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	100 1/2 -100 3/4
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	87 -90
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	89 -92
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -85

## BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	June, '00, 8 SA	198 -200
Boatmen's	100	June '00 8 1/2 SA	183 -188
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	June '00, 8 1/2 SA	119 -171
Fourth National	100	May '00 5 p.c. SA	205 -210
Franklin	100	June '00, 4 SA	156 -159
German Savings	100	July 1900, 6 SA	275 -285
German-Amer.	100	July 1900, 20 SA	760 -800
International	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2 qy	130 -132
Jefferson	100	July 00, 3 p.c. qy	100 -110
Lafayette	100	July 1900, 8 SA	400 -500
Mechanics	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	200 -224
Merch.-Laclede	100	Sept. 1903, 1 1/2 qy	151 -153
Northwestern	100	July 1900, 4 SA	135 -155
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	238 -240
South Side	100	May 1900, 8 SA	119 -122
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct. 1900, 8 SA	135 -137
Southern com.	100	July 1900, 8 SA	90 -100
State National	100	July 1900 1 1/2 qy	158 -162
Third National	100	Oct. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	146 -148

\*Quoted 100 for par.

## TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	June '00, S.A. 3	143 -147
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '00, 2 1/2 qy	288 -290
St. Louis	100	Oct. 00, 1 1/2 qy	220 -225
Union	100	Nov. '98, 8	225 -230
Mercantile	100	Oct '00 Mo 75c	247 -250

## STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS.

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 101 -102
10-20s 5s	Oct. '93 4	100 -102
Citizens	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
20s 6s	Dec. '88	105 -107
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N.	1905 105 -107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 108 -109
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 116 1/2 -118
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115 1/2 -117
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	98 -103
People's	J. & D.	1912 98 -103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98 -103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100 -101
St. L. & R. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
do 1st 6s	Apr 00 1 1/2 SA	130 -150
St. Louis	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
do 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
do Baden-St. L. 5s	75 -77 1/2	103 1/2 -103 3/4
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 103 -103 1/2
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115 -116
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1914 90 -92
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 106 -109
Southern 1st 6s	1909 109 -111	1916 107 -108
do 2d 25s 6s	F. & A.	1910 100 -102
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	J. & D.	1918 128 -125
do 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	1910 103 -104
do 2d 25s 6s	Oct '00 1 1/2	61 1/2 -61 3/4
Mound City 10-20s 6s	J & J	83 -83 1/2
United Ry's Pfd.	4 p.c. 50s	18 -18 1/2
St. Louis Transit	J & J	18 -18 1/2

## INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan. 1900 4 SA	42 -43

## MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100	Aug. 1900 1 1/2 qy	51 -62
" Pfd.	100	Oct. 1900 1/2	16 -17
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100	Oct. 1900 1 1/2 qy	62 -63
" " Pfd	100	July 1900 2 qy	138 -141
Bell Telephone	100	May '96, 2	3 -4
Bonne Terre F. C	100	Mar. 1900, MO	128 -135
Central Lead Co.	100	July, '97, 1	9 -11
Consol. Coal	100	Mar. 1900, 1/2 MO	125 -135
Doe Run Min. Co	100	May 1900, 1qy	85 -90
Hydraulic P.B. Co	100	Feb. '89, 1	45 -55
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10	103 -107
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1900 SA 3 1/2	100 -104
Laclede Gas, com	100	Sept. 1900 2 SA	69 -70
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	June '99 SA	98 -100
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100	100	14 -16
Mo. Edison com.	100	July '00 1 1/2 qy	100 -105
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July 00, qy 1 1/2	180 -90
Schultz Belting	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	115 -118
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Sept. 1900, 3 1/2 SA	139 -141
Simmons do pf.	100	Sept. 1900	138 -141
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Oct. 1900 1 1/2 qy	13 1/2 -14 1/2
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Jan., '90, 4 p.c.	47 -48 1/2
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '90, 3 p.c.	43 -44
St. L. Brew. Com.	100	Sept., '94, 4	30 -34
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Dec., '86, 2	2 -3
St. L. Exposit'n	100	July 1900, 1 qy	64 -69
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Aug., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Union Dairy	100	July '00, qy	220 -230
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Sept 1900, 7 1/2	180 -181
Westhaus Brake	50		

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about the money market has been greatly alleviated.

While conditions are somewhat against the bears at present, it would be foolish to expect much of a further rise. Some of the leading stocks have had a sharp rise; the bears have taken their medicine, that is, those who discarded warnings and past experience and sold for short account at the bottom, and the technical position of the market has thus been considerably impaired, from a bull standpoint. People who wish to buy should be very careful; they should buy only on the occasional set-backs. The proportions of further gains will depend upon the response on the part of the public to the allurements held out by Wall street cliques.

An impression prevails in some enthusiastic bull quarters that the re-election of McKinley will be followed by another wild, unreasoning boom in stocks, and that the high record of a year ago will be eclipsed. Prudent people will prefer to go slow. They will bear in mind that there is little room for a big advance in prices from the present level. Stocks are now from 40 to 70 points above the low level of 1896 and 1897, while the public has lost confidence and courage by the expensive and disreputable events of the inflation period.

## LOCAL SECURITIES.

The local security market is dull and quiet. There is little trading. The election uncertainties are, apparently, intimidating investors and preventing investment of capital. Besides this, money is at present in good demand in this section of the country, and interest rates are remunerative. Street railway issues are still the most active features. United Railways 4s are selling at from 83 to 83 1/2; \$62 25 is bid for the preferred, while St. Louis Transit is neglected and quoted at about \$17.50. Suburban Ry. 5s are selling at 103 1/2, and the income bonds are 91 bid.

Mining stocks are a little lower. Granite can now be bought at 2 57 and Nettie at 1 47 1/2. The lead stocks are dull and show little change in prices.

Bank clearances continue heavy. Large amounts of funds are being withdrawn from New York for use in the West and South. Sterling exchange is a little firmer, and quoted at 4 84 3/8; Paris is 5.19 and Berlin 95 5/8.

Fine Watches—Mermod &amp; Jaccard's

## DISAGREEABLE HEROINES.

Are the heroines of modern novels usually ill-bred and disagreeable? An aggrieved correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* complains that they are certainly most disagreeable specimens of the human race, and adds:

"Heroines in the days of Scott and Dickens, Miss Edgeworth and Jane Austen, were lovable women, endowed with many charming qualities, and possessed of but few vices. During the past fifteen years this type of heroine has seldom graced the pages of our novels. The creature who has so roughly shouldered her aside is perfect only in her vices. She is, as a rule, vulgar and commonplace; more likely than not she is repulsive and ugly; bad manners and bad temper she regards as the necessary accomplishments of a lady. She may dress well, for she is vain; but of charm of grace she is as innocent as the babe unborn. She looks down with supreme contempt upon all those finer qualities which are the peculiar prerogatives of women. In short, the modern heroine is the boiled-down essence of all that is unpleasant. No doubt she is occasionally to be met with in real life, but happily she breathes more freely in the realms of imagination, and finds greater nourishment in ink and paper than in commonplace bread and butter. . . . What is the reason of this strange predilection for a disagreeable heroine? Is she a portrait, or is she a caricature? Has the average girl of Anglo-Saxon parentage become ill-mannered and bad-tempered? Has the stress and strain of modern life lowered and degraded our ideal of womanhood? These are interesting questions which each reader can answer according to his own observation and experience. One thing, however, is beyond dispute. The modern heroine is a most unattractive companion on a rainy holiday."

The New York *Evening Post* thinks that "perhaps the English public is worse treated in this respect than the American; certainly Miss Cholmondeley, Miss Fowler, and others have in the main hardly magnified their sex. But it may plausibly be urged that the average fiction of the day does its heroines even a sorer wrong in making them too unsubstantial and unreal to excite emotions of any sort in readers beyond the bread-and-butter age."

Mermod &amp; Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

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## OUIDA ON CHAMBERLAIN.

That very brilliant Frenchwoman, Ouida, has ranged herself with the enemies of Mr. Chamberlain. It is impossible to mistake her meaning. She has adopted no uncertain tone. She dislikes Mr. Chamberlain intensely. The sketch is contained in a new volume of "Critical Studies," which she has recently published. She opens thus on Mr. Chamberlain:

"Several years ago, at the moment when Mr. Chamberlain, having abandoned the Liberal party, was adored by the party which called itself Conservative, I looked at him one evening at a dinner in a well-known house in Belgrave square. He was standing, surrounded by the loveliest and most fashionable women of society, who were offering him a homage which must have been delightful to him."

She goes on to dissect "Master Joe's" features:

"His physiognomy indicates his character; it has no distinction, but it is full of energy, intelligence and resolution; it is the physiognomy of a tradesman, not of a statesman, of a person extremely keen and acute, obstinate and cruel, but not by any means intellectual. The eternal eyeglass serves to hide such expression as his features might have, and the nose, short and retrousse, makes plebeian lineaments which might, without this defect, be sufficiently regular. \* \* \* He is always well dressed; 'too well,' an ex-viceroy murmured to me that evening."

Ouida thinks it is strange to "see Robert Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, fallen under the dominion of the Birmingham screw-maker":

"In the whole of the Tory party, Chamberlain has no one who opposes him, no one who approaches him for strength of character and for acuteness of perception, one may also add, for unscrupulousness in principle and in action. The sole person of the party who could have imposed authority upon him by superiority of intellect would have been Lord Salisbury: but \* \* \* he has been able completely to rule and influence the master of Hatfield, as he has succeeded in ruling and influencing all others who sit round the ministerial table in Downing street. A friend of mine, speaking once to me of Lord Salisbury, whom he knew intimately, said: 'He is a fine, big cannon, but he won't go off; I doubt if he will ever go off.' It is probable that Chamberlain had the same opinion, and therefore resolved himself to maneuver and fire the cannon. \* \* \* He is 'hard as nails,' he is cynical and selfish, and to a politician of this stamp reputation in history is a matter of extreme indifference."

And this is only an infinitesimal part of what Ouida says, in her wrath, before she gets through with Mr. Chamberlain.—*London Globe*.

## MANUFACTURING CRIPPLES.

The Moscow correspondent of the *Standard* writes:—The Rostov police have just succeeded in arresting a woman who has been wanted for the past two years for having driven a lucrative trade in artificial mutilations. After her husband's death the widow continued the business, and by some want of caution aroused the attention of the police, but she has long managed to evade them, while continuing to perform her operations. By injecting under the skin at the joints some preparation of petroleum she produced

a very natural-looking contraction of the joint operated on. Her clients were those among the common people who desired, at as small an expense as possible, to escape being taken for soldiers, and among less-deserving and richer people, a certain number of clever swindlers, who defrauded accident insurance companies by affecting the same kind of disfigurements. The last attempt, which led to the capture, was on a young man, who had arranged to fall out of a train, and so account for his injuries to the insurance company, besides the possibility of getting a sum of money from the railway company.

\*\*\*  
O—I—C

When a preparation has an advertised reputation that is world-wide, it means that preparation is meritorious. If you go into a store to buy an article that has achieved universal popularity like CASCARETS CANDY CATHARTIC for example, you feel it has the endorsement of the world. The judgment of the people is infallible because it is impersonal. The retailer who wants to sell you "something else" in place of the article you ask for, has an ax to grind. Don't it stand to reason? He's trying to sell something that is not what he represents it to be. Why? Because he expects to derive an extra profit out of your credulity. Are you easy? Don't you see through his little game? The man who will try and sell you a substitute for CASCARETS is a fraud. Beware of him! He is trying to steal the honestly earned benefits of a reputation which another business man has paid for, and if his conscience will allow him to go so far, he will go farther. If he cheats his customer in one way, he will in another and it is not safe to do business with him. Beware of the CASCARET substitutor? Remember CASCARETS are never sold in bulk but in metal boxes with the long tailed "C" on every box and each tablet stamped C. C. C.

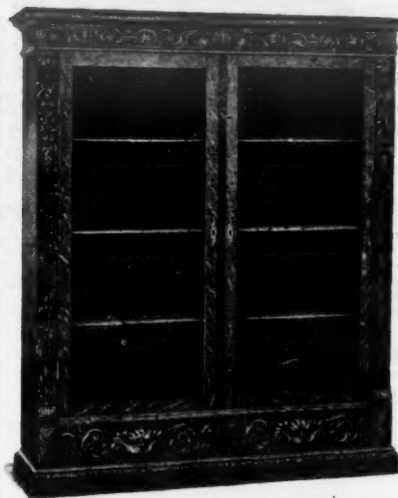
## RICH PAY THE STAMP TAX.

"The promise of the Democrats that a great issue would be made of the war revenue tax in the Presidential campaign has not been fulfilled," remarked Internal Revenue Collector Charles H. Treat, of the Second district of New York. "The question naturally suggests itself, why? The answer is very simple.

"Referring to the organization of the Pacific railroads with a capital of \$200,000,000, to issue the stock of this concern \$100,000 in revenue stamps had to be paid to the Government. The reorganization of the Standard Trust Company into the Standard Oil Company entailed an expenditure of \$50,000 for revenue stamps. The same was true of the organization of the National Pipe Trust with \$100,000,000 capital, and so on, according to the capitalization.

"The public will be interested in learning that the revenue derived from the sale of one and two cent stamps is very insignificant proportionally when compared with that received from \$2, \$5, \$50, \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 stamps. The revenue from these stamps of large denominations comes from rich banking firms and large corporations. Thus it will be seen that the masses do not bear this burden, as alleged by the Democratic party.

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\$102,000,000 annual war tax in the United States. Now that the receipts are exceeding the expenditures it is quite probable that a reduction will be made in the war revenue."

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## GINSENG.

The curious mixture of astuteness and absurdity in the Chinese character could not be illustrated better than by the fact that for more than a hundred years the United States has been shipping its entire product of ginseng to China, and during that time Celestials have consumed not less than \$25,000,000 worth of a root that is absolutely without medicinal use in any civilized country in the world. Physicians and chemists in this country who have made a study of ginseng agree that about its only virtue is the fact that it will bring in China from \$8 to \$25 a pound, the same being worth in this country from \$1.75 to \$3.50 a pound, dry. Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, and North Carolina are the chief ginseng-producing States, although it is found in New England and Canada, and was one of the primitive industries of Vermont at an early day. The general belief is that the use of ginseng by the Chinese is influenced rather by superstition than by science.

Special offer of ladies' 14-karat gold watches, guaranteed movements, only \$20, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

"There is no joy," said the cornfed philosopher, "equal to that of the brow-beaten clerk that finds out his boss is hen-pecked."—*Indianapolis Press*.

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NEW BOOKS.

"Children of the Revolution," is the title of a juvenile book written by Maud and Mabel Humphrey, and illustrated by them with full page colored plates and with other illustrations in black and white. The coloring of the pictures is quite artistic and the numerous small cuts are dainty and cute. As to the matter which is printed in what is (technically) called "18 point old-style"—each letter of which is about four times as large as this type—opinions will vary. If the book is for babes to read—as the immense type would indicate—what will they understand about the "Surrender of Cornwallis," "The Boston Tea Party," "The Arrival of Ben Franklin in Philadelphia?" If the reading is to be done by mamma why the immense type? The Misses Humphrey are clever illustrators and should be able to make an ideal "juvenile," but that will hardly be one that has such "dialect" as this, ex. gr., "That perfectly drefful noise came after us. Yessir! Oh it was as bad—as bad as a—a—effelunt and a steam engine." The book is gotten up in elegant style and—the point is carefully insisted on—is all "done in America." [Frederick A. Stokes Company, Publishers, New York. Price \$2 00, Ph. Roeder, St. Louis.]

"Chess Strategics Illustrated," by Franklin K. Young. This volume treats of military art and science adapted to the chessboard. It is the concluding work of a most valuable series of books on the science of chess and, in one sense, the most important of all. The three preceding volumes of the series, "The Minor Tactics of Chess," "The Grand Tactics of Chess," and "The Major Tactics of Chess," contain the laws and principles which appertain to the science of chess, but, according to the author, in this fourth and final volume "is illustrated those Minor, Major and Grand Processes of Greater Logistics which appertain to the Art of Chessplay." The value of Chess Strategics will be best appreciated by devotees of the noble game. Others will be interested in knowing "that the book discloses those two great secrets which govern the Science of Strategics whether the contending pieces are made of wood and ivory or of flesh and blood." A large number of illustrations are given from the games of the famous Charles Paul Morphy. No scientific chess-player can afford to pass by this fascinating book.

[Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Publishers. Price, \$2.50]

"Counsel Upon the Reading of Books" is a collection of six University Extension Lectures which were delivered in Philadelphia in the winter of 1898-99. The topics and lectures are: History, by H. Morse Stephens; Memoirs and Biographies, by Agnes Repplier; Sociology, Economics and Politics, by Arthur T. Hadley; the Study of Fiction, by Brander Matthews; Poetry, by Bliss Perry; Essay and Criticism, by Hamilton Wright Mabie. The Preface on Reading and Books, by Henry Van Dyke. The impulse to read good books that grew out of the work of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching called for the publication of these lectures. It need scarcely be said that each lecture is readable and interesting—for the lecturer must be his own illustrator, and to succeed in holding his audience must interest them. So the book will pay to read and re-read, and should be studied especially by those

who desire to read wisely, or, to use the words of the Collect, to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest," all good literature. Dr. Van Dyke, in his preface, refers to one of this class as the "gentle reader"—"the person who wants to grow, and who turns to books as a means of purifying his tastes, deepening his feelings, broadening his sympathies and enhancing his joy in life." There is a great temptation to the reviewer to copy whole pages of this book, but a few paragraphs of Professor Van Dyke's preface may, one hopes, prove a bait to induce many readers of the MIRROR to secure and read for themselves this book about books. "Let us not take our reading too anxiously, too strenuously. There are more than a hundred good books in the world. The best hundred for you may not be the best hundred for me. . . . The habit of worrying about the books that we have not read destroys the pleasure and diminishes the profit of those that we are reading. . . . Read plenty of books about people and things, but not too many books about books. Literature is not to be taken in emulsion. The only way to know a great author is to read his works for yourself. . . . Read one book at a time, but never one book alone. Well-born books always have relatives. Follow them up. Learn something about the family if you want to understand the individual. If you have been reading the 'Idylls of the King' go back to Sir Thomas Malory: if you have been keeping company with Stevenson, travel for a while with Scott, Dumas and Defoe. Read the old books—those that have stood the test of time. Read them slowly, carefully thoroughly."

[Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Publishers. Price \$1 50.]

"More Bunny Stories for Young People," while primarily intended for the little ones, though the author claims that "the further domestic particulars" will please the "grown-ups." The first of this series of stories was published about ten years ago in the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, and were later issued in book form. "More Bunny Stories" is a very good book of its kind—the kind that humanizes Brer Rabbit, the Bear, Fox, *et al.*, and it is a kind that the children appear to hanker after nowadays. The author, John Howard Jewett (Hannah Warner) writes lucid English and is nothing if not an ideal juvenile story-teller. The forty illustrations by Culmer Barnes are charming.

["More Bunny Stories" by John H. Jewett. Frederick A. Stokes Company, Publishers, New York. Price \$1.50. Ph. Roeder, St. Louis.]

To those people especially who are not fond of hearing sermons, much less of reading them, "A Christmas Sermon," by Robert Louis Stevenson, may be commended. It is less a sermon than a chat with a brother pilgrim on life's dusty highway. Of the manner of Stevenson's sermon one excerpt will suffice: "To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." (Page 8.) The "Sermon" appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1888 and the publishers have conferred a distinct favor on his admirers in its repub-



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ST163

### The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

lication. [Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York. Price 50 cents.]

#### LITERARY NOTES.

Edna Dean Proctor, whose "Poems," have won for her an enviable reputation, has in press with the Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a new volume of verse which relates entirely to New Hampshire, her native State. It will be illustrated by photographs of some of the scenery of the "Old Granite State."

B. K. Benson is a new writer of fiction whose first novel, "Who Goes There?" will be published immediately by the Macmillan Company. It is a remarkable story told by a Federal soldier.

Among the new books to be issued by Raud, McNally & Co., this fall, are "El Reshid" and "Some Philosophy of the Hermetics," both from the pen of Paul Karishka. Mr. Karishka has been a deep student of the law of being, and these books are the result of his observations.

Olive Garnett's "Petersburg Tales," is among the notable books of the season. The stories are of official and revolutionary life in the Russian capital, and are distinguished by sympathy with the revolting people and by the highest skill in their telling. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the publishers.

Miss Corelli has left Stratford-on-Avon, where she wrote "The Master Christian," and will probably spend the winter in Egypt. She is at present in the Isle of Skye.

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## HUMORS OF IRISH LIFE.

An Irishman is naturally devout, and, as a rule, accepts the decrees of providence without a murmur. His climate is as changeable as he is himself, but you rarely hear him grumble. Anything short of a deluge is "a grand day, glory be to God," or, if he is completely wet through, "a fine soft day for the country."

"On one occasion, when it had rained incessantly for weeks," says a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*, "I said to a man: 'What do you think of the weather, Flannagan?' 'I think,' said Flannagan, looking round at the dripping hedges and soaking fields—'I think, miss, if I was to be makin' weather, an' made the likes of this, there'd be grumblin' at it.' It was wrung out of him, and surely disapprobation was never more delicately expressed."

"As might be expected, ours is a soil in which blessings and curses flourish in almost tropical luxuriance, and both are dispensed with a liberal hand. Among the causes which insure a plentiful supply of the former may be reckoned the possession of red hair. 'The oul' mather's funeral was a grand sight,' said an old woman, 'but shure the grandest sight of all was to see Masther Andy standin' there with his head shinin' like gould in a bog dhrair. May the Lord bless him an' the barber that barberized him!'"

"We are often credited with a disposition to accept statements without proof of their accuracy, but the following story goes far to disprove such an accusation: 'It's wishin' to inform the family I am that there's a cross baste beyant in the field,' was announced one morning by an old herder. 'Are you sure it's really cross?' some one asked. 'Ah! begorra, I am sure. Mrs. Casey herself was walkin' across on her way from market, whin it wint at her an' turned her upside down, and the crathure was that skeared she couldn't spake hardly a word whin she got up, an' himself wouldn't belave her, so he tuk Mary out to see if it wus thrue, an,' begorra, it wint at her an' turrened her upside down, too, so thin he knew it was a cross baste.'"

"The same old herder described his cattle: 'Shure, they're fine bastes now; but troth, if ye'd seen thim win they came first, it's thin skilions they were.'"

"No paper on Irish humor would be complete without at least a few specimens of bulls. Here are two or three jotted down at random."

"'Dhrunk!' said a man, speaking of his neighbor, 'he was that dhrunk that he made ten halves of ivery word.'"

"'A-rah, ma'am! have ye heard the news? Misther John's best calf's been dhrowned on him. Shure, I'm after goin' through the field mesilf, when they were gettin' the crathure out of the ditch, an' he was that wake he could hardly walk home.' 'But I thought you said he was drowned!' 'Drowned! And sure, so he was dhrowned, but he wasn't dhrowned dead!'"

"'Why is the chapel bell ringin', Mike?' 'Shure, it's two men over there beyant in Gurnaghur that's dead, and they're a-buryn' of one another to-day, and that's the sign.'"

"Among the many factors at work in Ireland there is one the extent of whose influence is supposed, by both friends and foes, to be almost unlimited. I mean what is called the power of the priest, and as it undoubtedly has a prominent place for good or evil in Irish life, the following example may be of interest:

"Old Mike and his wife lived in a little

cabin on the mountain, one of a type which is happily every day becoming more and more rare. The walls were of mud and the floor of the same useful material, with a gutter running down the middle to divide the family apartment from that of the domestic animals. To this mansion came his reverence one cold, showery morning in March to hold a station. His umbrella was wet and dripping, so, being a careful man, he placed it open in the space vacated by the animals, who were grazing outside. After the usual devotions, when the congregation had dispersed, he went for a stroll, while Moira prepared his breakfast, for to entertain his reverence afterward is the crowning honor of a station. He had not gone far when a heavy shower obliged him to take shelter under a tree and send a little gossoon running back for his umbrella.

"'His reverence is afther sending me to bring his ombrell!' said the boy, bursting into the cabin."

"'The saints presarve us!' said Mike. 'Maybe it's the thing he left beyant in the corner,' and, seizing the umbrella, he tried to pass through the door, but the entrance was low and narrow and the umbrella large and wide. Without a moment's hesitation he caught up a spade and began shoveling down the wall at either side of the door."

"'Man alive!' said the priest, appearing on the scene, 'whatever are ye at?' 'Shure, it's makin' way I am for yer riverence's ombrell,' said old Mike; 'divil a bit of it'll go through at all, at all.' 'Ah, nonsense, man!' said his reverence, laughing, and, stepping inside, he took the umbrella out of Moira's hand and closed it before them."

"Old Mike stared at it aghast. Then he turned to his wife. 'Glory be to God, Moira,' he said, 'is there anything beyant the power of the priest?' These old people belonged to a generation which is fast passing away, and to which the succeeding one bears but little resemblance."

Mamma—"Now go and say good-night to your governess, like a good little girl, and give her a kiss." Little Puss—"I'll say good-night, but I won't give her a kiss." Mamma—"That's naughty! Why won't you give her a kiss?" Little Puss—"Because she slaps people's faces when they try to kiss her." Mamma—"Now, don't talk nonsense; but do as you're told." Little Puss—"Well, mummy, if you don't believe me—ask papa!"—Ex.

Off his mind: "Didn't you feel dreadfully when you lost your gold-handled umbrella?" "No; I'd expected to lose it for so long that I was glad when it was gone."—*Chicago Record*.

Sister-in-law—"How like his father the baby is!" Mother—"He's certainly like him in some ways. He generally keeps me up half the night!"—*Punch*.

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Children's Extra Heavy All-Wool Hose, fast black, 2x2 ribbed, spliced heels and toes (worth much more) ..... 50c, 35c and 25c  
Children's Extra Heavy Fleece-Lined Cotton Hose, fast black, full seamless, size 6 ½, and all-wool merino heel and toe, mostly all sizes, worth and sold at 20c; Choice, per pair ..... 10c  
Infants' Fine Cashmere Hose, silk heel and toe, sizes 4 to 6, red, blue, black, pink, tan and white, worth 35c; all sizes ..... 25c

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Children's All-Wool Heavy Drawer Leggings, worth 50c; Choice ..... 35c  
Children's Extra Heavy Natural Gray Wool Union Suits, drop back, silk trimmed, pearl buttons, worth \$1.25; choice ..... \$1 00

## Furs, Suits, Skirts, Jackets and Capes.

Big arrivals during the past week in above goods, all bought for cash at 25 per cent below credit prices, will be sold accordingly—all new, swell and bang-up Novelties. Prices far below all else or no sale.  
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Ladies' Dress Skirts, made of a fine quality of tan, brown and gray homespun; a \$6.50 skirt for ..... \$3.98  
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Ladies' Man-tailored Black Broadcloth Suits; a \$37 50 suit will be sold this week, for ..... \$19.95  
Black Ribbed Cheviot Suits, taffeta silk lined; a \$35.00 suit will be sold this week, for ..... \$19.50  
All the latest styles in Ladies Fur Collarettes, Capes and Jackets.  
Collarettes from ..... \$1 48 up to \$50.00  
Capes from ..... \$17.50 up to \$85.00  
Jackets from ..... \$18 50 up to \$82 50  
We will place on sale this week a grand bargain in Children's Fine Plaid Winter Suits, ages from 8 to 14 years; \$3 00 to \$3.75 suits for ..... \$1 25  
See Show Windows.

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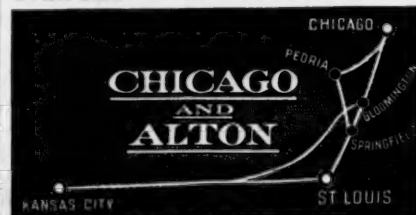
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